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About Encyclopædias.

[Extract from an article by WILLIAM I. FLETCHER, Librarian of Amherst College, in the Boston Congregationalist, April 17, 1890.]

"WHAT Encyclopædia shall I buy?" This is truly a hard question to answer, friend, for your personal equation must be considered as one of its chief factors. What do you want with an encyclopædia is first to be known before the other question can be answered. There is no best encyclopædia, all things considered. Each of those prominently before the public is best for some purposes, and so best for some owners. Buy them all if you would have a complete outfit. But as you can't do this for lack of means, you want a few hints to guide you in selecting the one, or at most two, which you may hope to compass. It is a misfortune to the public that encyclopædias have generally been sold each by its own agent rather than through the book trade, where one might look for impartial advice and comparison. Each agent goes through a community with one distinct aim—to sell his particular work to everybody, by proving (or at least asserting) unflinchingly and showing plenty of testimonials that it is the best for everybody. After about six have thus perambulated a town, each bearing away some score of sets of rival works which he has taken in exchange for his, 'allowing' for them a little more than the ragman's prices, perhaps one person in ten who has an encyclopædia is 'fitted' with one. 'Where are the nine?' Well, they are wearing suits, so to speak, which they bought for their vaunted suitability for the Apollo Belvedere, having forgotten to be measured for their clothes; or, rather, these suits hang untouched in their closets, because they can't wear them. The remedy? What's done can't be undone; but to the one contemplating encyclopædia-buying we can say, in the language of Punch's famous advice on marriage, 'Don't'—until you know what you are doing.

Chambers's in its new edition is an English work, but is issued in conjunction with the Lippincotts of Philadelphia, and is largely contributed to by American writers. Its articles are signed, and the names are those of leading scholars on both sides of the water. Indeed, it has carried so far the 'international' idea in its editorship that the London Bookseller has criticised it sharply as being made for the American market rather than the English. It excels greatly in the literary department, its biographical articles on authors, for instance, having a decided critical flavor, instead of being mere catalogues of events and writings. Another prime excellence of Chambers's is its bibliography, most of the articles being followed by well-chosen references for further pursuit of the subject.

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THE AMERICAN.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1890.

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE celebration of Decoration Day showed how deeply this youngest of our festivals has taken root in the popular regard. The chief event of the day was the unveiling of the Garfield monument at Cleveland. This President Harrison attended, as did ex-President Hayes, the chairman of the association which secured the erection of the monument. The oration of the day was by Garfield's trusted friend, ex-Governor Cox, who dwelt on Garfield's career as a legislator as constituting his truest claim to a place in the annals of the country, and emphasized the fact that the monument was the gift of men of all parties to honor the memory of a man who had shown again and again his ability to rise above mere partisanship. Mr. Harrison naturally touched more on his brief career as president, saying: "What he would have done and been in the Presidency, is chiefly left to friendly augury based upon a career that had no incident of failure or inadequacy. The sudden, cruel, and mysterious termination of his career had only one amelioration,—that space of life was given him to teach from his dying bed a great lesson of patience and loving forbearance."

The day before was given, as usual, to the commemoration of the Confederate dead. On two battle-fields of the War there were reunions of the soldiers who had fought on both sides, and in Richmond a statue of Gen. Robert E. Lee was unveiled. The orator of the day was Col. Archer Anderson of the C. S. A., and of course his Southern eloquence bordered on the extravagant in eulogy of his former commander and friend. But while the old flags were displayed and the old tunes played, there was no tone of disloyalty to the united Nation, and the stars and stripes were flying on all sides. Gen. Lee certainly was a commander of extraordinary ability, and as Col. Anderson admitted, he had no heart in fighting for slavery, an institution he morally reprobated. The mistake of his life was his yielding to the State Rights sentiment when Virginia declared herself out of the Union,—a step which only prolonged the War and thus deepened the wretchedness of his State and of the South. Of course this step will be judged differently according to the standpoint occupied; but we feel confident that the verdict of history will not be one of approbation. But even those who condemn his act can unite in reasonable admiration of the man's great abilities and fine personal qualities. Robert E. Lee is no alien to any of us. He belongs to the reunited Nation, in which he took his place as a hard and honest worker for the future. We all can say, with a Southern poet,—

"The mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons!"

In the Senate, Mr. Morrill of Vermont, made a very able speech on the Silver bill, which went beyond the view which prevails on the Republican side of the House. He very properly reminded the Senate that the proposed inflation of currency to the point of forcing up prices would fall so heavily upon no other class of creditors as on the working classes. It is not often that we think of this class as a creditor class. But in New England alone it has upwards of three hundred millions of savings, which are loaned mostly on mortgage to the "capitalists" so-called. In New York it has nearly as much. We do not think this is the best possible disposal of the savings of the laboring classes, which are now said to amount to more than all the capital invested in manufactures. But it is a disposal which makes the proposal to change the value of our money by silver inflation a very serious business to a class even more numerous and not less important than the mortgaged farmers of the West, and their friends, the

miners of silver. And should a general inflation of the currency diminish to a great extent the purchasing power of money, one effect would be a general collision of labor and capital through a demand for higher wages.

Mr. Morrill's own proposals, as reported by the newspapers, seem to be rather vague. He is ready to favor an increase of our silver coinage to twice the present monthly amount, and he believes that "with good management on the part of the Treasury Department" this could be so done as to bring the two kinds of coinage to a par in value. But he deprecates as unconstitutional the proposal to issue legal tender Treasury notes on the basis of deposits of silver. We are not able to agree with him on either point. Hardly anything could be worse than for us to go on adding to the volume of our present silver coinage; and we do not see how the gulf between the value of that and our gold coinage could be got rid of by the nicest Treasury administration. Mr. Windom's plan shows how it may be got rid of; and in view of the third Greenback decision of the Supreme Court, we do not see how it can be described as unconstitutional.

MR. PUGH and Mr. Farwell followed Mr. Morrill the next day. The only notable point in Mr. Pugh's speech was a quotation from Mr. Goschen to the effect that the Roman Empire fell for want of a supply of money. It is more true, as Prof. Seeley says, that it fell for want of men. At the same time it is not to be denied that the utter cessation of the supply of gold and silver from the age of Augustus to that of Columbus had an adverse influence on its political fortunes. But that hardly constitutes a parallel with our own condition, as we are adding both to our circulation.

Much more to the point were Mr. Farwell's two suggestions for the reform of our monetary system. He proposed to abolish the Sub-Treasury system, that the money of the Government might be left in the same channel of use and of circulation as that of the business community. And he urged the extension and perpetuation of the National Banking system and its currency by allowing of the deposit of other than United States bonds as security for the circulation. These two suggestions coming from a successful man of business and a representative one of our greatest commercial centres should have weight. They are the two monetary reforms we most need.

As to silver itself Mr. Farwell would take all that is offered and would coin it at its current market value, leaving the public to stand the loss of any depreciation. But would not this be repeating an experiment we have made already and without success? Our present standard dollars were worth their nominal value when we began coining them. They now are worth twenty cents less. And suppose that instead of a fall in value we had a rise, the difference would constitute a premium on the destruction of our silver coinage, just as we soon will have a premium on the melting of our gold coins.

THE Senate very properly gave precedence even over the Silver bill to the proposed legislation to undo the effects of the Supreme Court's decision on the "original package" case. The Democratic senators, with a few exceptions, continued to show their embarrassment,—the fundamental principles of their party drawing them in one direction and "practical politics" in quite another. The most prodigious straddle was achieved by Senator Morgan, who, as in the case of the Fisheries, displayed his ability to be on all sides of a question at once. He set out with the very un-Democratic statement that "the functions of the States are necessarily confined to those matters which are expressly reserved to them in the Constitution," and then went on to argue that

measures like this to extend their powers would result in converting the nation into "a consolidated Empire!" It seems that he reconciled the two halves of this statement by declaring that the bill reduced the State legislatures to the rank of territorial, by bestowing on them powers accorded by Congress.

Finally the measure was passed in much the shape in which it came from the Judiciary Committee, although at one time the Senate entertained a milder substitute offered by Mr. Gray of Delaware. Only ten Democrats voted against it, while it had 34 votes on its final passage. It enacts that "all fermented, distilled, or other intoxicating liquors or liquids, transported into any State or Territory for use, consumption, sale, or storage, shall, on arrival in such State or Territory (or remaining therein), be subject to the operation and effect of the laws of such State or Territory, enacted in the exercise of the police powers, to the same extent, and in the same manner, as though such liquors or liquids had been produced in such State or Territory, and shall not be exempt therefrom by reason of being introduced there in original packages or otherwise."

Even this does not nullify the bad effects of the decision, which applies to many other articles than liquors. Are the States to be deprived of all power to exclude diseased cattle or meat, or infected rags, or adulterated articles of food? The public health is as legitimate a subject of State legislation as is the restriction or prohibition of the traffic in intoxicants. And the Supreme Court decision nullifies a great body of State legislation on the subject.

THE House has been occupied mainly with appropriation bills. That for Rivers and Harbors it has passed, after a fair amount of criticism and of amendment, but not enough to make up for the original vice of its construction by log-rolling. Mr. McAdoo of New Jersey, tried to correct the evil by offering as a substitute for the bill one to create a Board of Commissioners of Rivers and Harbors, and to authorize them to spend \$40,000,000; but this was lost. To something like this, however, the House will be obliged to come, as the present hap-hazard way of throwing about the public money is one which no civilized country will endure in the long run.

The clause most assailed was that making the appropriation for the Hennepin Canal. By more than two to one the House resolved to commit the country to this measure of connecting the great Lakes with the Mississippi by a ship-canal. There is much to be said for such a work, but it should have been voted deliberately and with an adequate appropriation, instead of this under-hand method of getting a small sum now, and arguing that as a reason for spending more hereafter.

ON Wednesday the Republicans of the House met in caucus to agree upon a Silver bill. It is understood that this was not without some pressure from the President and Secretary Windom, who are anxious that some measure should be passed, and that it should be conservative in character. In view of the attitude of the two branches of Congress to the question, they naturally desire the House to assume the initiative. The result was satisfactory except in the matter of securing unanimity. The House stands by its first proposal, which is substantially that of Mr. Windom. It differs in specifying the amount of silver that must be purchased, instead of leaving that to the judgment of the Secretary of the Treasury. But it leaves him the option of redeeming the certificates in bullion if he so prefer. This is the saving feature of the Windom plan, and the one the silver men mean to fight to the last. But there is good reason to believe that any bill which omits it will need a two-thirds majority in both Houses to make it a law. They will do well to meditate on the ancient law about the comparative value of the half loaf.

The caucus refused to adopt a resolution leaving individual members free to vote as they pleased. Under the rules of all parties, those who entered the caucus are bound to support the plan

adopted by the majority. But it is doubtful if they will do so, especially as they allege that they were invited to a conference on silver, rather than a formal caucus.

THE certainty that this Congress intends to pass a law for the restoration of our merchant marine has caused quite a revival of ship-building in Maine. The yards are busier than for many years past. More and larger ships are building, and fresh orders are pouring in. It will not do to assume that iron is going to displace wood entirely on the ocean. For great steamships and men-of-war it must do so; but wood has many advantages for vessels of smaller tonnage, especially in the elasticity which enables it to stand shocks and strains to which iron succumbs. The Norwegian marine is almost entirely of wood, and it has done fairly well under much less favorable conditions than we expect to furnish our own vessels by the new legislation.

THE House is the branch of Congress in which the Prohibitionist sentiment is represented most strongly. By order of Speaker Reed the sale even of beer has been stopped in the House restaurant, while the Senate continues to be furnished with all grades of intoxicants. So the two branches disagreed as to the restrictions to be imposed on the "canteens" which are to be introduced at the military posts in order to liberate the soldier from the exactions of the licensed trader. The House amended the bill to prohibit the sale of beer and spirits in these mess-rooms of the private soldier. The Senate struck out this provision. A conference committee has agreed to let the matter be determined by the laws of the State or Territory in which the post is situated. But even this is far from satisfying the opponents of the plan. They wish to have the Nation affix the stamp of its disapproval to any use of intoxicants.

There is much to be said for their demand. It is just in line with the restrictions imposed by some of our great business corporations on their employees. And it certainly would be better if total abstinence were the rule in the army. But our problem at present is to make the life of the private soldier so much more attractive that enlistments will be easy and desertions less common. We will not achieve this by forbidding him to drink a glass of beer in his soldiers' club-room; and the only effect of the prohibition on those actually in service will be to leave them still in the hands of the post-trader, who will make them pay more for worse drink than the canteens would.

THE Senate Committee, or rather the Republican half of it, is proceeding with its examination of the McKinley tariff in a deliberate way such as the importance of the measure demands. It is agreed that as fast as they have decided upon their revision of any schedule, they shall hand it over to the Democratic members that they may prepare an alternative. Thus far the disposition has been to reduce the rates of duty below that voted by the House, but the examination of the bill has been rapid and not final. The clauses on which there is a decided difference of opinion have been laid aside for the present, with a view to ascertaining how much can be disposed of without a division.

One point of importance may be regarded as disposed of. Although the Senate bill of 1888 provided for remitting the tax on alcohol used in the arts, the committee refused to insert that provision into the bill. This may be because they are not clear that the country can dispense with the revenue which would be remitted, or because they see no way of preventing the use of the exemption for purposes of fraud. The British Government has remitted the tax on methylized alcohol when home-made, but not the import duty on the same alcohol. Several years ago, we understand, a committee appointed by the American Academy of Sciences at the request of the Treasury Department, reported that it was not possible to methylize alcohol in such a way as to prevent its subsequent conversion into whiskey.

THE conference of Railroad Commissioners which assembled last week in Washington, under the presidency of Judge Cooley, may be said to mark the rise of a new and a very important profession. Nearly every State and Territory now possesses a commission for the regulation of its railroads; and these have been unified to a great extent by the creation of a National Commission to enforce the Inter-State Commerce Act. Thanks to the tact of Judge Cooley and his associates, the State Commissioners have been brought into hearty coöperation with those of the Nation in the preparation and the enforcement of uniform methods of reporting and other matters; and the way has been thus prepared for that single control of all the railroads of the country to which we must come at last.

One of the subjects brought before the conference was the great number of fatal accidents, especially to train-hands in coupling cars. Only 310 passengers out of a total of 472,171,343 were killed on our 150,000 miles of railroad during the year ending last June. But 1,972 employees and 3,541 others were killed. For the latter the railroad in most cases has but little responsibility. They are generally people who will walk on the tracks without proper care of their lives, or who will drive across the track and not "Look out for the Locomotive." But for its own workmen it has a responsibility to which its managers generally are not alive. Some are killed by being over-worked to the point at which care for their own safety and that of the public becomes impossible. Others by the use of car-couplers of cheap and dangerous makes. And the total of injuries is even worse. While only 2,146 passengers and 4,135 others were injured during that year, the number of injured employees was 13,747. In other words one employee in every 47 was killed or injured, and one passenger in every 193,122. As President Harrison said in his annual message, this state of things calls for remedial legislation.

A RECENT decision in Maine shows that the "original package" question is not a new one. Especially as regards liquors imported from abroad, it has been before the country ever since 1851. The Maine law of that year distinctly recognized the powerlessness of the States to forbid the sale of liquors imported from abroad and sold "in the original package." This was true of subsequent legislation up to 1858, when the recognition of this distinction was dropped, except by the retention, through oversight, of a clause to define the evidence of importation to be required. And this view of State limitations was affirmed, as sound by the United States Supreme Court under Chief-Justice Taney and by a bench chiefly of Democratic justices in the leading case of *Brown vs. Maryland*. The main court of final appeal very truly says that the change of public sentiment on this and similar questions made it doubtful whether the present Supreme Court would stand by this ruling. The recent decision proves that it does, while the minority show themselves open to new ideas. So the Maine Court unanimously rules against the State authorities and in favor of the importer of foreign liquors, whose goods were seized, and has ordered their return to him.

On the other hand, an Iowa judge rules the other way, and bases his decision upon one by the United States Supreme Court as to the taxability of Pennsylvania coal taken to Louisiana and offered for sale "in the original package" of a car-load. In this case the decision certainly seems to assert the State's authority over the imported article of Inter-State Commerce. It says:

"The coal had come to its place of rest for final disposal or use, and was a commodity in the market of New Orleans. It might continue in that condition for a year or two years, or only for a day. It had become a part of the general mass of property in the State, and as such it was taxed for the current year as all other property in the city of New Orleans."

It is the contention of Mr. Clarkson that the people do not believe in permanence in the tenure of office, since they so constantly dismiss those whom they had appointed by election. As we said last week, this dismissal is by the politicians, not by the people. But in some cases the people are too much for the politicians. In

Massachusetts they generally insist on reëlecting the Governor for the second term the Constitution allows: and the Secretary of State, when once chosen, is reëlected as long as he chooses to hold the office. The present incumbent retires voluntarily after a continuous reëlection since 1876. His predecessor was first elected two years before the War. And this arrangement works as well as our own continual reëlection of our judges unless there is very serious objection to some judge continuing on the bench.

THE struggle over the Compulsory Education law in Wisconsin and Illinois bids fair to have very serious political consequences. The strict Lutherans and the Roman Catholics are joining forces to secure the repeal of the law, and if necessary the defeat of the party which enacted it. Heretofore these Lutherans have been Republicans almost to a man. It was largely through their loyalty to the Union that Missouri was kept out of the secession ranks at the opening of the War. The Southerners had no pleasanter name for them than "the damned Dutch." They never had any sympathy with slavery and its works, and they have been much more loyal to the Republican party, because less devoted to beer-drinking than the less religious element among their countrymen. They do not object to the enactment of compulsory education, nor do they wish to overthrow the public school system or to have the school-fund divided. What they object to is the requirement not only that English shall be taught in the schools, but that seven specified subjects shall be taught in that language. In the case of children who had not already mastered the English language, this would bring about a state of things such as exists in the Scottish Highlands and in western Ireland, where the English words of the school text-books are committed to memory by hundreds and thousands of children to whom they have not a vestige of meaning.

They also object to the provision of the law which authorizes the local school-board, without appeal, to decide whether any school complies with the terms of the law, and thus expose to fine and imprisonment those who continue to send their children to an unrecognized school. For themselves they think the education given in the public schools is not what their children should receive, as religious instruction either is not given at all, or given in a shape offensive to them. So they mean to fight against a law which necessarily would suppress many of their parochial schools, and which may be worked for the suppression of all.

They have begun their fight inside the Republican party in Illinois, but thus far they have been beaten. There is no doubt that they will continue the struggle at the polls, and if defeated there they will meet the law with the stolid, passive resistance with which they defeated the persecuting laws of the Prussian and Saxon governments before they came to America. Is the game worth the candle?

THE Oregon election comes at such an odd time of the year that it gets an unusual amount of attention. The returns indicate that the Republicans hold their own. The people are so well satisfied with their Democratic Governor that they decline to dismiss him, as Mr. Clarkson says is their habit. But they have elected a Republican Congressman and a Republican majority to the legislature which is to choose Mr. Dolph's successor. They might do much worse than reëlect him, as he is among the ablest Senators from the Northwest.

THE work on the Nicaragua Canal is the largest undertaking Americans have on their hands outside their own country. It will furnish a comparative test of the efficiency and pluck of our people which Europe will watch with interest. It is true that the difficulties are not the same as at Panama. There is no Chagres to sweep away the works; no stony Cordilleras to take the heart out of the workmen; probably no such prevalence of malaria as at the Isthmus. But after all, the undertaking is one of gigantic extent and prodigious difficulty. We are not to trust the rose-colored pictures of the route on which its projectors have dwelt:

It is a far longer route than that at Panama. The country, like all of Central America, is unwholesome, and its unwholesomeness makes the labor problem difficult. There is no local supply of labor on which dependence can be placed. There are forest growths to be cleared away, great cuttings to be made, and rocks to be blasted. Thus far the operations have been confined to the eastern end of the work, where it is necessary to cut a canal from the Gulf to a point on the San Juan river, as the mouth of the river is unavailable. The ground has been cleared of timber for the sixteen miles required, and a parallel railroad begun to facilitate excavation. Then will come the improvement of the river bed up to Lake Managua, and the final cutting from the lake to the Pacific.

BRAZIL as a Republic is not justifying the hopes of her friends. The new government has more republicanism in its name than anywhere else. Its measures for the suppression of free speech and free discussion have produced a very bad impression. Its proposal to impose a constitution upon the country without giving the people any voice in its preparation, is another bad blunder, if nothing worse. And the signs of local discontent and resistance are not as surprising as they are ominous of grave trouble.

Our own relations with the country are friendly, and the authorities at Rio have shown much zeal in promoting the ends of the Pan-American Congress. There is some complaining that Brazil imposes a duty of 70 cents a barrel on our flour, while wheat comes in free of duty, and Brazilian coffee pays no duty in America.

But we have no right to object to a duty imposed for the purpose of fostering the milling industry in Brazil, so long as our wheat and flour pay no higher duties than do those of Europe.

FINANCIAL REVIEW.

NEW YORK.

THE stock market is in a position which a year or so ago would have been considered highly anomalous. Its movements are mainly governed by one or two stocks which almost monopolize attention, and these stocks are not those of a railroad company. We have seen in former times a telegraph stock, Western Union, swinging Wall street and the market, making the latter strong or weak for the time because of the great popular interest in its fluctuations, which caused the general list to move in sympathy. But the Western Union Company is, and always has been, regarded as a part of the railroad system of the country, so intimately are its operations connected with railroads. Besides this, its movements were taken as indicative of Mr. Gould's operations. What Western Union did was in the same line as what Lake Shore, or Northern Pacific, or Lackawanna did. At this time, however, it is the so-called industrial stocks which quite dominate the market, and the railway share list is really in second place.

The movements of the latter class of securities the past week have been, on the whole, unimportant. Still, there are some significant features. The strength of the Vanderbilt stocks and of St. Paul cause much speculation as to causes. St. Paul has been persistently attacked by the bears because it seemed to be selling so much above intrinsic value. The common stock is not paying a dividend, yet it has been selling above 75, and all the pounding of bear operators has failed to get it down to that figure. Its supporters were not only willing to buy the "phantom" stock which the traders sold, but the long stock also which bull operators bought some time ago ten points lower, and sold again at nearly top price. One operator alone sold no less than 15,000 shares of stock at almost the highest quotations recently made; and yet when the general market had its recent reaction, St. Paul went off very little although it was a prominent target for attack. All this means that behind it there is some powerful interest, having large command of money; and the only reasonable influence is that it is the Vanderbilt-Morgan party, the same party which controls Northwest, which has bound Union Pacific by contract, and which will sooner or later show its hand plainly, when it will be found that the three systems of roads referred to are practically united under one and the same management.

At the same time, Lake Shore and New York Central have been advancing. Lake Shore rose when every other active stock on the list was declining, and there are rumors that something new is coming out in relation to the property, which will give stockholders some valuable "rights." The New York Central company is to capitalize the money it has spent in improvements the past three or four years, and a new issue of stock or of 4 per cent. bonds is spoken of.

The three C.'s company has paid an extra dividend of 1 per cent. on its common stock. It did not, however, do it much good in the market, for the price declined, and some people think the dividend was declared to help certain insiders sell their holdings. At the time this distribution was made, the company, it is said, had to borrow money on car trusts at six per cent.; and under these circumstances the declaration of the extra dividend is considerably criticised.

Rock Island has published its figures for the year ending April 30. They show gross earnings of \$17,639,000; and total net income (which includes land sales, etc.), \$6,500,000. The surplus left after payment of interest and the dividend of 4 per cent. is \$49,551 only. Last year, instead of a surplus, there was a deficiency of \$974,000. The Rock Island people say the state of the company is really better than the report shows, because the new western lines owe \$279,000 for interest advanced, and as these lines are rapidly growing in traffic up to the point where they will take care of themselves, this item will become a good cash asset.

Atchison continues to attract as much attention as any stock among the railway shares. The price of the stock is considered high, but it is well supported in the market. This is thought to be due to efforts to market the new issue of stock made to take up the San Francisco shares. The growth of business in the Southwest is strikingly shown in the report of Chairman Midgley for 1889, which gives figures showing that the competitive business in that section nearly doubled in comparison with last year. There seems to be some new deal on between the Atchison people and the Mexican Central.

The industrial stocks have been the most active, and their fluctuations as wide as usual. The Receiver appointed for Chicago Gas is instructed by the order of the Court to receive the revenues and distribute them among the stockholders in all respects the same as the Fidelity Company of Philadelphia. This makes his appointment more and more singular, unless it be that this order is made with a view to the fact that the appeal from Judge Collins's decision may result in sweeping aside all that he has done. It was supposed when he decided to appoint a Receiver that it would be as a step to winding up the concern. The stock fell and then recovered again when the terms of the order were known. It is coolly telegraphed from Chicago that the two officers of the company suspected of promoting the Charlton suit, or at least of taking advantage of it, "having made their turn on the short side, are now prepared to bull the stock again."

Sugar stock had another rapid fall on a despatch from Albany last Tuesday that the Court of Appeals had handed down a decision adverse to the Trust, on the appeal from Judge Barrett's decision that it was an illegal enterprise. The price fell from 73 to 67. After much telegraphing back and forth, it developed that the sender of the despatch had mistaken another for the Sugar case, and there was no decision in the latter. There cannot be one now till next Tuesday, which is regular decision day with the court. Sugar stock made a rapid recovery. Its fluctuations are so wide and rapid that it requires considerable nerve and a long purse to deal in the stock. It is strange how popular a trading stock it is under these circumstances. There seems to be a regular craze to buy and sell it, probably because profits are large and quick if made at all.

There is no longer any apprehension about money. It continues to flow to this centre, and is so cheap in London that the London traders are disposed to buy our stocks quite largely. The best operators in the street thoroughly believe that this is a bull year, and that the market is a purchase on reactions.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY IN PENNSYLVANIA.

HIGHLY important to the political combination which is now attempting to use the Republican organization for the control of Pennsylvania, is the question how the Democrats will make their opposition. If the opposition is to be merely formal and perfunctory; if the Democratic candidate is to be one who is no stronger than his party, then the danger of nominating a weak and unworthy Republican candidate will be essentially diminished. This is a plain case, and it has not, of course, been left out of the calculations of Mr. Quay and Mr. Delamater.

The Democratic party, in fact, may be made to do a large share in the election of Mr. Delamater. It may be used as the complementary force of Quayism. If the influence of the latter shall prove great enough for the control of the Republican party, and it can be assured, at the same time, that no real fight will be made against it from the Democratic side of the field, the course is open for such candidates as it chooses to set up. The control of

both parties is thus practically assured, and when they are working for a common purpose, it would be, of course, impracticable for any effective opposition to be made.

The practical question of the moment therefore relates as much to the action of the Democrats as of the Republicans. If he dare do so, Mr. Quay will nominate Mr. Delamater, and the question of daring requires at once to know who will be the candidate against him. If it be some one who can command only the Democratic vote, and who, if he could be elected, would represent substantially the same interests as Mr. Delamater, then Mr. Quay's course is made comparatively plain and easy. If, on the other hand, the policy of the Democrats shall be to nominate a candidate who will personify a real opposition to Quayism and to the secret and corrupt influences which it embodies, then the peril of such a nomination as that of Mr. Delamater will be enormously increased.

The Democrats of Pennsylvania have occasionally acted with energy and wisdom. They did this in 1882 when they nominated Mr. Pattison for Governor, and so made room for the Independent Republican movement. Their success in that campaign, however, was a rare example of achievement through political sagacity, and their leaders have more often preferred to follow the beaten track of narrow partisanship, making a formal opposition on the surface of affairs, and effecting such private and personal arrangements as compensated individuals, though not the party, for the loss of the battle. That Pennsylvania should be largely Republican is natural, but that it should be so completely in the control of such managers as Mr. Quay is due in no small degree to the feeble policy which the Democrats have too frequently adopted, and to the want of a united and honest effort on the part of their leaders to make a strong opposition.

What they now propose to do will be seen very soon. Apparently some among them are showing greater concern as to the Presidential contest two years hence than in regard to the State elections of the present year. It is to be, on their part, a maneuvering for position, with reference to the spoils which a Democratic President would have at his disposal in 1893, rather than a square and manly fight over the Governorship of Pennsylvania. And if this policy shall prevail, if the opposition to Mr. Quay's machine shall be formal and not real, then it may easily be that Quayism will signalize anew its power in Pennsylvania, and proceed from that to demand a still greater national authority than that which, unfortunately, it now possesses.

COLLEGE POLICY.

THE Commencement time brings the Colleges to the front as a matter of public interest. It is true that for some years past the newspapers have been giving a good deal of space to them, but this has been chiefly as centres of athletics. From the columns of despatches furnished every week, one would suppose that foot-ball, base-ball, and boating were the leading courses of study in our educational centres, and that only a few fragments of time and energy went to the classics, the mathematics, and the sciences of observation. It is well that the public should be reminded, even by proposals which are not felicitous, that the serious business of college life is not that which takes up most space in the reporting columns.

Formerly new fads in education came to us chiefly from the back-woods colleges. It was some little institution which stood in sore need of advertising which was sure to rush to the front with the discovery that we were all wrong in our ideas and that the road to the millennium across lots had been hit upon at last by the Columbian University on the far Western horizon of the educational world. But we have changed all that. The itch for novelty and the advertising spirit has laid hold of our oldest and most influential institutions, and Harvard in particular, since Dr. Eliot became its president, has been the especial field of experiment and innovation. First, the new education was to displace

the old by discovering better mental pabulum in chemical atoms and lightning-bugs than in Homer and Sophocles. Then the wisest ends in education and the farthest reaching results were to be attained by leaving the raw student to choose for himself what he would like to study, with the result that four out of five looked around for "a soft thing;" and moved towards a degree "on the line of least resistance." Then the college motto "*Pro Christo et Ecclesia*," was to be emphasized by making chapel attendance a matter of free choice, and employing the best pulpit-talent of the vicinity to hold week-day discourses to the students' aunts, sisters, and cousins. And now we are to reach the consummation of the new system by abolishing the four-year requirement, and substituting a specified number of "courses" as requisite for a degree, with the curiously illogical proviso that three years must be spent in pursuing them.

Of all the novelties to which Harvard has set the seal of its approval, this is the most unfortunate. From the beginning of the era of intelligent educational criticism, it has been felt that the haste of the young American to enter upon his career in life has been the worst obstacle to thoroughness in his training. In earlier decades the poverty of the country and the scantiness of help for poor boys made this haste more excusable. But now that the growth of our national wealth has somewhat diminished this difficulty, there was reason to hope that more time and more deliberation would become possible. The rapidly rising age at which young men enter our universities indicates a change for the better, although even now a large proportion of our graduates are just about as old as the average matriculants in Europe.

But Harvard professes to find the years in school and in the college course too many, so that the student of law, of medicine, of theology, of applied science, is too old when he can pass to these professional studies with his diploma in his hands. We doubt if the teachers in these advanced courses will thank the University for the suggestion. We observe that Prof. C. C. Everett, now the most distinguished member of the Harvard Divinity Faculty, repudiates the new change as a mistake. The teachers of these professional courses realize that time is a prime element of success in all education. In medicine the old two-years' course is giving place to three years, and our own University suggests that four years would be even better. But once accept the idea that the speed with which a degree can be obtained is an important educational consideration, and you put an obstacle in the way of the reform most needed even in professional education.

Education is like eating. It is not a question simply of consuming so many hundred weight of bread and meat and vegetables: the proper succession of meal-times is of prime importance. The completion of sixteen "courses" in three years instead of four does not mean the same amount of mental nourishment and intellectual health. For most men it means a sustained strain upon health and energy, which is severe enough in the quadrennium now given to the completion of studies, and which may prove suicidal under the new conditions.

One objection which has been put forward is that if Harvard gives the baccalaureate degree for the three years' work, the other colleges will have to do the same, and that they cannot afford the loss of revenue. We attach no weight to this. The other colleges will not follow the example. It is neither so new nor so attractive as its advocates suppose it. The idea that a degree should be given after a specified number of "courses" has been finished has been in force in the University of Virginia for over seventy years. Its method is elective as regards the choice of studies, and "go as you please" as regards time. It has had some very eminent men in its Faculty, and still has such. Its degrees are recognized as valuable. The last report we have seen shows an attendance of 328 students. From one of its graduates we learn that the pressure of inducement to over-work has resulted fatally to more than one man of unusual brightness among his college friends, his own brother being one of the victims of the system. So Jefferson University has neither emptied the other colleges even of Virginia, nor

forced them and others to follow its course. And yet it has had all the advantages Harvard can promise itself from the change.

The importance of the objections from the effect on the other colleges is a showing that the idea of competition for business has been clearly before the Harvard mind in the discussion. It is the rise of that idea which has been the greatest loss of our higher education during the last quarter of a century. The dignity and the self-respecting spirit of the American college have been sacrificed to it, without any commensurate gain to the public. It has created the demand for the advertisement-president, the advertisement-professor, and the advertisement-course of study, to the great detriment of both discipline and teaching. It has flooded the country with ephemeral publications, which constitute no real addition to the literature of the sciences on which they touch. It has brought into the very sphere where it will work the most mischief a spirit of restlessness and a worship of success, which tends to lower the moral tone of the younger generation. It threatens to degrade the honored profession of the teacher from the high level of a liberal profession to a merely mercantile business, with no other test of success than the money collected in fees.

The latest development of this new spirit is in the relation of some of our colleges to the preparatory schools. From one teacher in this city we learn that Princeton College is very attentive to those in Philadelphia. When the published reports of studies or athletics indicate any special ability in a school-boy, a letter comes from Princeton to ask if he cannot be secured for the college of New Jersey. Several years ago a Mr. L., who already had been admitted to the University, was carried off to Princeton by the promise of free tuition, because he was a notable hand at baseball. Another teacher says that the senior classes in all the preparatory schools are to be invited to join in an excursion to Princeton. Whether they are each to get a chromo, we are not told. Why not frankly employ college drummers to make the round of the schools with a photograph-album of "sample" athletes and scholars, and circulars setting forth the economic and religious advantages of attendance at Princeton?

This is a very small and contemptible business from first to last. We are loath to believe that Dr. Patton would sanction it or take any hand in it. Certainly it is a policy which can reflect no credit and secure no lasting success to any great institution which practices it. And it must be fatal to that comity which has existed hitherto between the institutions of the higher education in this country.

A NOCTURNE.

THE sunset flamed and subsided into purple while we ate our supper, a hungry, contented, intimate little party, who have fallen into a chance-like habit of being shuffled along the same slow railroad every summer, and unpacking our old clothes and our new ideas under the same hospitable roof; a party capable of absorbing a view through its individual pores, and docking sentiment from its remarks, but ready if the humor takes it to eat its beans with metaphysics, or to braid yards of poetry into a mountain stroll. Its very punsters have their transcendental moments, and its leading spirit of learning and of mirth, a dominie whose summer chair is that of international vernacular, has been known to indulge in reverie to the length of fourteen lines. On this occasion we were not to be turned by a scarlet show from the substance of mince meat, doughnuts and gingerbreads, brought by our own exertions to their present height of four hundred feet above the valley of their birth, and earned anew by labor of wood-cutting and hut-roofing performed with genuine, pioneer energy. Besides, the sunset in its garishness belonged to day, and it was to make a night of it that we had climbed up the little mountain and were squatted on its summit, lifted a trifle above the fringing woods by a knotty ledge of rock, drinking coffee in the pure opal air, and hearing, above the social clatter of knives and forks and voices, a sound like the utterance of solitude to solitude, the flute-like evening call of a veery from the top of a pine tree a little below us.

We could not wait to measure the passing of day; there were more fir balsam boughs to be cut, more logs to be piled for the fire; so we betook ourselves again to the edge of the wood, where the moss grew damper under our feet, and night stole up through the pine boughs by imperceptible degrees, and was abroad in the open,

drawn like a cap over our own little hill-top, when we came back with our spoil to the camp-fire, which, with its large, hearty, voluble blaze made the surrounding darkness seem chill and lonely. It was as if soft curtains were drawn round the cosy circle of warmth and light, where we sprawled on our plaids, with faces and feet to the fire, yielding ourselves to the charms of music and of social intercourse. We followed the dominie through a weird world of Canadian legend sung to us in boat songs and ballads; we floated under the magic of a caressing voice on the creeks and bayous of negro melody; and we stirred up the German students to vocal recollection of the Kneipe. The fire itself was a poem. It burned with all manner of fantastic changes: it sputtered and crackled, shot out charges of brilliant sparks, flared up vermillion or gold, burned high in emulous cones of light striving to outdo each other in altitude and tint, or gathered itself to one pyramid of flame, mounting up, without stay or doubt, into the darkness overhead. How firm and compact that shadow seemed about us! One would almost have said that it was built to last.

But its doom was approaching as we sat there in the firelight. The environment of rock and sky which we were leaving to darkness, as the Greeks left the edge of their map to the barbarians, was to be re-discovered and painted in for us by a new hand. Eleven o'clock was the hour set down in our almanac for the advent of the moon: she was billed to appear over a certain long shoulder of mountain hidden from our camping site by the tree-tops, so as the hands of our watches drew near to the appointed hour; we let the blaze die down, and, abandoning our little patch of comparative dryness, took our way, in dimness and uncertainty, stumbling over stones and groping among bushes, descending a little and climbing again to another open ledge beyond the hemlock trees, there to await the appearance of the "queen and huntress."

After no more delay than belongs to an inevitable discrepancy between standard time and the movements of natural bodies, we became aware of a spoonful of red stirred into the sky just above the long, dusky mountain profile, and in a moment or two the moon showed a clear-cut edge, and was hoisted up solid and crimson into the lead-colored night, having little effect upon its tones at first, but entering more and more as her flush abated and she mounted higher in her course, into the spirit of the night landscape, and into the very texture of mist, of velvet foliage, and dew-sprinkled grass. Before we left our eastern outlook the valley with its tributary ravines lay white and luminous below us, wrapped in fleecy folds of river fog which crept upward till it reached what seemed a definite line, half-way up the mountain, where it rolled over in a still, white wave. We had no difficulty in threading our way back to the camp, where the fire was revived to burn with more sobriety. A certain soberness had taken possession of the social element as well, and there was no strong opposition to a proposal for turning in. The moon had not yet put in an appearance in our opposite acres of sky, but we knew that she was climbing up to them at her own even pace, and the darkness was no longer opaque but diaphanous, uncertain, half visible and half a myth.

The poets and painters who have given us the truest pictures of night are those who have taken most color in their brushes to describe it. Walt Whitman has made night alive and palpitating in large, rich epithets; Thomas Hardy has shown the deepening of its mystery over Egdon Heath as lovingly as Daubigny painted it over the hills and meadows of the Oise; and Jean Paul, steeped in its spirit, goes forth "to enjoy the great Night like a Day." That night on the mountain was indeed like a new, antipodean day; full of color from moonrise to sunrise; not a monochrome of golden haze, as on so many delicious summer nights, but made up of contrasts and surprises of glowing and of silvery effects. We had left its darkness below us in the woods and ravines. Lying on our fragrant mats of balsam, with a shelter of massed hemlock boughs overhead and at the sides, which served as a velvet frame to the moonlit landscape, we looked out into a vault of sky which held all night long the full strength and quality of its blue. It was not azure or turquoise, but a deep lapis blue with a sort of oriental suggestion in it; a tint that was unmistakable, yet baffled definition; so clear that it had almost the effect of steel, though its depth and range and the play of amber moonlight through its meshes put hardness out of the question. The moon hung a little to one side, shining in a sort of glorious contentment; from the camp-fire before us, which consisted of back-log and scattered, burning embers, a column of rosy smoke mounted in delicate spirals against the blue; while, a little to the left, a slender spruce towered up, deeply and darkly green, pointing with its surmounting cross to a star that blazed in an inconspicuous way, as if it had lingered on forgotten into daylight. Now and then some figure of undistinguishable sex, some odd arrangement of colorless blanket, topped by a downward slanting felt hat, would move silently athwart this splendor like a pictured Japanese taking an airing on

a fan, or stand in a chilled and drooping attitude beside the fire, looking for all the world like a shock of corn in a November field. There was an attempt at a sort of silent midnight conviviality on the part of two or three such ghostly figures; and there were little excursions over rock and moss, a carpet chilling to the feet, after new aspects of the moonlight, whitening silver valley mists, or falling softly and dimly along the edges of deep-shadowed forests, or illuminating the sky and making clear the outlines of large, mysterious mountains. Such sights afford a sort of consolation to the soul in spite of soaked boots and wraps that are insufficient against the chill of an August night.

The world seems to be dividing itself nowadays pretty evenly into two bands,—people who can sleep but think it a finer thing not to; they are for the most part, of course, of the younger company;—and people who pour libations in vain and make nightly entreaty unto Morpheus to no purpose. Between them they would abolish sleep from the list of fashionable and permissible occupations; but nature took care of that matter before fashion was heard of. Even in a nocturne sleep must have its place. Not to have slept at all upon those fragrant and tender beds of balsam would have been ingratitude of the deepest dye; those moments of odorous transition and of oblivion in presence of the rosy firelight and the white, lofty moon were sweet to us as “to walk with unuplifted eyes” was to Wordsworth in his own “fair region” of lake and mountain; we should have lost part of the beauty if we had failed to close our eyes to it. But if we had not risen while it was yet night, and stood at three o’clock on the topmost round of granite we should have missed something of the coming of day, a process which began earlier than slumbering mortals are wont to imagine, but so delicately that it would have been impossible to name the moment. A certain pallor of the horizon was the first sign, then the turning of the stars from gold to silver, but after that, signs and miracles followed each other in such quick succession that they fell into the same mental pigeon-hole and recurred to the memory all at once. The changing of ashen tones to faint yellow; the singing of birds, the quickening of the upper blue to sapphire, and the gathering of morning-clouds which were hardly perceptible till they suddenly flushed under a message from the unseen glory,—all this transfiguration took place silently in an order which was without time, like the operations of pure thought. The mountains came slowly out of shadow; and when the sun held possession of the east the dusky outlines of the night were all filled in; the near mountains standing out strong and purple; the distant heights radiantly, transparently white with every ridge and scar distinct, showing features that in long familiarity had never before been revealed to us. But the mention of all this hardly belongs to a nocturne, and the after-tale of that camping party, lying, every member of it, in hot blaze of sunlight, with all memories sunk in the depth and heaviness of slumber, would be a narrative of high noon.

S. K.

“THE OLD NATIONAL ROAD.”

JUST now there is a general movement for better roads. State legislatures as well as neighborhood authorities have discovered that we cannot everywhere use locomotives instead of horses. The commercial reports bear witness that bad roads greatly impede the course of business. Although this country reached her period of greatest activity in road-making at the same time as England,—1827–33,—yet roads are always of gradual growth, and ours were so young at the coming of railroads that they could not withstand the neglect into which they fell in presence of the new and overshadowing system. Among the few that got a fair start before railroads overtook them, was the “National Road,” and although it is not the great highway its projectors expected, yet it is still a remarkable highway through hundreds of miles of its course, and with slight restorations might well serve as a model for what we now propose to do. It is a shame that it has been neglected in many places by those to whom Congress surrendered its control.

The road reaches from Cumberland, Maryland, to the Mississippi river above St. Louis, crossing the western corners of Maryland, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia to Wheeling, and thence going directly across Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, through Zanesville, Columbus, Springfield, Indianapolis, and Terre Haute to Alton. The plan for this highway was gradually formed. When Virginia, in 1781 and 1784, surrendered her territory beyond the Ohio, she stipulated for a road across the Alleghenies; and among the benefits obtained by the Ohio Company in the Ordinance of 1787 establishing the Northwest Territory, was a confirmation of the promised road, two per cent. of the proceeds of land sales to be devoted to it. But the road was delayed and the West was uneasy; for the government was accused of trifling with Great Britain about Indian affairs, and with Spain about the navigation of the Mississippi. There were grave doubts expressed as to the Re-

public’s ability to retain control of the territories beyond the Alleghenies, and a road then would have played the part taken by the Pacific railroad in later years. In 1802, when Ohio was admitted to the Union, she urged the building of the road upon Congress, and agreed not to tax lands sold by the government for five years after the sale, ten per cent. of the purchase money to be given, in return, to the road. Indiana, admitted in 1816, and Illinois in 1818, both made similar compacts. Action was delayed by the pressing matters claiming the government’s attention, till 1806, when Congress ordered a survey of the road as far as the Ohio. In 1811 a survey part way across Ohio was ordered. The war of 1812 delayed work and in 1818 only sixty miles were completed beyond Cumberland, although such sections, as far as the Ohio, as presented the greatest obstacles were in tolerable shape, and President Monroe reported to Congress that the road could be finished to Wheeling in two years more. It had then cost \$492,984 and \$400,000 more was required to reach Wheeling. The survey was next extended to the Mississippi and reached Jefferson City, Missouri, in 1827. The road reached Columbus in 1827, and was begun at Indianapolis in 1830. The frontier line receded faster than the road advanced, but the delays were not altogether time lost; for Macadam’s system of road-making had been proved by England in the meantime, and we profited by her experiments. The road was all macadamized, and mostly with limestone, which, contrary to Macadam’s fears, did not dissolve, except enough to cement itself.

From parts of the road still kept in good repair, we can form an idea of it in its prime. The whole roadway was sixty feet wide, macadamized to forty, and four teams can yet drive abreast over parts of it; but fresh stone has been for many years put only twenty feet wide, and farmers have set out their fences accordingly. Neither the prepared ground nor the broken stone was rolled, but the bed is now very firm from years of added stone. In nothing was this road more of a luxury to our grandfathers than in its numerous bridges in place of the troublesome and delay-causing fords. The bridges are of stone, except over some of the very largest streams, and have thirty feet roadways between the parapets. There are some fine creek bridges of two and three arches, and even very many of the culverts might be called bridges. Panels with inscriptions were placed on the finer bridges; but, like the mile-stones, they were of stone so soft that the inscriptions are almost illegible. East of the Ohio mile-stones of triangular iron pillars show the greater dignity and importance of the earlier road.

Virginia and Pennsylvania had early been rivals as to a road across the Alleghenies. Washington, in 1754, marched by way of Winchester against the French on the Ohio. Then Fort Cumberland was built, and Braddock marched over the same route. He thought the northern route better, but did not succeed in getting Pennsylvania to make a road in time. The closeness with which the later highway has followed the old army route, is shown by Braddock’s grave, in a clump of ornamental trees, beside the National Road. He was buried right in the old trail, the wagons driving over the grave to conceal it from the Indians. The almost obliterated remains of Washington’s Fort Necessity are also within a few yards of the present road. When General Forbes started on the final successful expedition against Fort Duquesne, Washington endeavored to have the old route again followed; but the more northerly route was used, and Washington had to march across to Bedford to join the main army. When the National Road,—at first always called “the Cumberland Road,”—was commenced, Virginia’s influence, combined with the location of the new capitol, caused the selection of the Potomac route. The road was to strike the Ohio anywhere between Steubenville and Grave creek, and as far as the Monongahela the shape of the mountains compelled the use of Braddock’s trail; but from that river to the Ohio the location was much quarreled about. Henry Clay had scrambled across the fords and handled fence rails in mud holes on the old mail route to Chillicothe and Kentucky that crossed the Ohio at Wheeling, and had frequently rested with Noah Zane at that town; and through his influence the new road crossed the river at Wheeling.

The original bill for the National Road, passed in 1802, was signed by Jefferson, with the approval of the legislatures of Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania, three of the most influential of the original thirteen States, and this had great weight in determining the status of this road when roads in general became objects for the opposition of a political party. When internal improvements were first proposed as a system by Calhoun, Webster, and Clay, President Madison vetoed the bill prepared providing for the establishment of a fund for roads and canals. Jefferson, in signing the original bill, had expressed doubts as to the right of the government to undertake road-building in general without an amendment to the constitution defining the rights of the States and of Congress. The opposition was more pronounced after the rearrangement of parties about 1820, and President Monroe vetoed

a bill assuming jurisdiction over the National Road. John Quincy Adams, however, believed the power of the government equal to the utmost limit claimed for it, and during his administration improvements of all kinds were planned and hurried forward on a grand scale. Two bills, one for a part of a road from the National Road to the Gulf, and one for an extension to Washington City, were left over for Jackson's administration, and vetoed by him in May, 1830. Up to this time twenty-three bills, appropriating \$2,500,000 for the National Road had been passed by Congress and signed by Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Adams; and Jackson, notwithstanding his vetoes of other bills, signed a bill for this road. Congress was regarded as simply a trustee to use the money set aside for this road by the several acts admitting to the Union the States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. The appropriation bills referred to this fund or to the fund set apart at the organization of the Northwest territory. Up to 1830 the sales of land aggregated \$37,597,000, and there had been spent on the road \$2,181,303.61.

Political newspapers of the summer of 1830 show lively times in political circles, and factious opposition was blamed with the subsequent delays in road and canal building; but a more powerful factor in bringing that result was the progress of railroads. In that same year passengers by one of the stage lines over the National Road were given a ride of a few miles on the Baltimore and Ohio, which was run by horses between Ellicott's Mills and Baltimore. Congress had just decided to wait till that railroad and the Chesapeake and Ohio canal both reached Point of Rocks, when it would decide which was the fittest to be aided across the Alleghenies. The railroad soon out-ran both canal and turnpike. We have the finest railroads in the world, because we have given them our whole attention; but there is now no reason why we should not go back and take up the arrested development of our turnpikes.

The National Road was killed by the railroad, but for a time it was galvanized into great activity by connection with that railroad. After the railroad reached Cumberland, and until it got across the mountains to Wheeling, in 1853, the pike carried beyond Cumberland all that the railroad brought to that point; both in passengers and freight.

Political difficulties were got rid of by the surrender of this road as fast as completed to the States. Those parts in Pennsylvania and Ohio were surrendered in 1831, and Maryland and Virginia got theirs in 1833. The surrender seems to have long been but a legal fiction—the States were nominal owners and were allowed control, while Congress paid all expenses. On the claim of unfinished portions, \$500,000 was obtained in 1834 by those States to whom the road had been given. In 1835 an appropriation of \$546,186 was made, to be expended only when those States should formally accept the road; but up to 1838 \$620,836 more was obtained. For Indiana's portion \$625,000 was appropriated and \$566,000 for Illinois, and yet Indiana's part being still unfinished in 1848 was surrendered with wood and stone from the public lands to finish it. In Illinois stone was hard to get, other plans were proposed, and the road was never finished in anything like the style of the Cumberland Road. Work stopped altogether about 1850, when, in all, a round six-million dollars had been spent.

RUSH C. FARIS.

Bellaire, Ohio.

WHEAT NOTES.

SO large a number of people derive their intellectual nutriment from periodical publications that it is interesting to inquire what the future policy of such publications is likely to be. There was a time when we had a periodical *literature*, but we have it no longer. There is but one magazine of the first-class in this country which is in any sense a literary vehicle. All the others are monthly text-books of science, politics, artisanship, and the like. We are treated to essays on governmental policies and to symposia on agnosticism, woman-suffrage, alcoholism, and the tariff. We have War Series, Railway Series, Siberian Exile Series, and Histrionic Series. We are shown how to make a locomotive, how to build a canoe, how to drain our cities, and how to irrigate our plains. Indeed, so complete is the list of practicalities, that the available information concerning the manufacture of buttons is only exceeded by the stock of knowledge on the subject of button-holes.

Doubtless all this is as it should be. We are the most practical people of an eminently practical age; our interest is centered in the affairs of daily life; we want to read about the things which we touch and handle, and not about abstract ideas. The magazines have simply found out what their constituencies demand and set about to afford the necessary supply. The remarks here made are not in the way of fault-finding but merely record a fact which is interesting as marking a tendency. Manifestly, articles of the character above referred to, must be written, not by literarians, but by specialists. Nobody is so well qualified to speak about bridges as

is a bridge-builder, and the man who makes a watch can best tell just how the thing is done. But these gentlemen cannot be expected to be masters of a literary style; as well expect the professional writer to build a bridge. What then? Is literature a thing of the past, and has the age of the periodical *writer* gone by? And if so, shall we not suffer from the want of that peculiar stimulus and nourishment which a fine and fluent literary method was wont to impart? Perhaps so, but then again perhaps there are compensations.

* * *

MR. QUARITCH, a son of the famous London publisher, is now in this city with a collection of books and manuscripts such as has probably never before been brought to the United States. The writer of this paragraph has been given the opportunity to inspect this collection, in Mr. Quaritch's rooms at the Continental Hotel, and it can safely be pronounced unique.

We think worthy of mention a small quarto MS. on vellum, of the *Cicero de Officiis*, probably written in France about the middle of the ninth century; also the *Huntingfield Psalter*, on vellum, with ninety-two miniatures; also the *Gifford Psalter*, emblazoned with the arms of Gilbert de Clare and Joan of Arc. In the collection are also the *Heures à la Rose*, small folio MS., on vellum, illuminated, probably written at Bourges, about the year 1400; and the *Norman Chronicle*, folio MS. written for Philippe de Crevecoeur about 1480. Here are the *Castelnau Breviary*; the *Catholicon* (the fourth book printed with a date); the *Lactantius* (the first book printed in Italy); the first dated edition of *Virgil* (1470); Caxton's *Game and Play of Chess* (1474); the *Quatre Derrenieres Chases* (being the better of the only two copies extant), and scores of other illuminated MSS. In English literature there are John Wyclif's *Tretis of Bileere* (creed, commandments, etc.); Gower's *Confessio Amantis*; Froissart's *Chronicles* (first edition, 1523); the rare work, Heywood's *Spider and the Flie*; *The Mirour for Magistrates*, in two vols; a remarkable list of Shakespeare folios and quartos, including a perfect copy in blue morocco of the small folio 1623 edition of the *Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies*, and a large number of books of equal rarity. The greatest of Mr. Quaritch's treasures, however, is a copy (folio) of the *Psalterium Cum Cantibus*, printed on vellum in 1459; this is the second book issued from the press of Faust and Schoeffer, and is claimed to be the finest example of ornamental printing since the invention of typography; it is valued at \$26,250, and is perhaps the costliest book ever sold. The collection, as a whole, is wonderful, and must be seen to be appreciated.

* * *

SOME time ago a short dramatic poem entitled "Bertram the Prince" was noticed in THE AMERICAN, and although the author preferred at the moment to remain anonymous, a few friends were led into the secret and welcomed the little book, not only for its pronounced merits, but also as the work of a genial and accomplished gentleman, whose culture and modesty go hand in hand. A second edition has now been put forth, bearing the name of the author, Dr. Henry Hartshorne, and we notice the addition of a scene (VL) which contains some very strong lines, and which fills a hiatus in the story to the manifest improvement of the whole work. As it stands, "Bertram the Prince" is a consistent and artistic poem, developing a dramatic idea in a scholarly fashion.

* * *

THE favorable recommendation of the Committee of Councils in regard to placing a statue of General McClellan on the pavement of the City Hall, while entirely proper in itself, is calculated to fill artistic souls with alarm. There is every reason why a brave soldier of the Republic should be thus honored, but when we read that the statue is to be erected at the northwest corner of the building, visions of an incongruous row of counterfeit presentments rise up in ghastly distinctness, and suggest to the mind a time when the great plaza at Broad and Market will resemble a huge emporium of gas fixtures and bronzes on shelves. A little discrimination as to the position, and a great deal of discrimination as to the design, of proposed statues, will save us from mortification in the future. Let us honor our patriots and beautify the city at the same time. It can be done. Even artistic harmony is not beyond the grasp of the American mind.

* * *

A DISCUSSION, the value of which lies much deeper than the mere verbal quibble involved, has arisen out of the coining of the term *Metagnostic* by the Brooklyn Ethical Association. Many opinions have been asked and obtained concerning the propriety of such a word and its precise meaning, if adopted. Professor Huxley has written his views very fully in opposition to its use, and letters have been received from Dr. Lyman Abbott, Professor Cope, Professor Morse, and many others. The interesting point which the discussion brings out is that the old word *Agnostic* has only a negative meaning, and that he who is an Agnostic cannot logically make affirmations except within the rigid domain of Scientific En-

qu岸. Professor Huxley distinctly says that there can be no "affirmative or positive side to agnosticism," and remarks that he is contented to say "I do not know" in regard to all things beyond the realm of absolute knowledge. On the other hand, Dr. Abbott claims that the existence of things entirely beyond scientific knowledge is absolutely certain, and that we need a term to express that which is beyond, but none opposed to, knowledge. He, however, does not regard *Metagnostic* as the best word, as he can discover no instance where "Meta" is employed to mean "beyond,"—an announcement which strikes us as extraordinary. Dr. Francis E. Abbott claims that no new word is needed, inasmuch as there can be no such thing as anything "beyond knowledge." He regards the real opposition as being between "Evolution which is an absolute truth and Agnosticism which is an absolute error." All this is extremely interesting and instructive; we confess to a little surprise that scientific men of such eminence should indulge in so free a use of the term *Absolute*. Even the lay mind has come to perceive that it is a dangerous word, and very apt to play one tricks. Meanwhile we note that the new Century Dictionary will contain *Metagnostic* and *Metagnosticism* among its newly accepted words.

* * *

THE salaries of college professors in the United States do not average high. The highest are those of the professors of Columbia College, which range from \$7,500 to \$3,350. Harvard pays her staff at rates varying from \$5,000 to \$3,500 for full professorships. Next come the University of California, \$3,600, Princeton and Yale, \$3,750; Brown University, from \$3,000 to \$2,500; the University of Pennsylvania, \$3,000; Amherst, \$2,500; Washington University of Missouri, \$2,250; Cornell, \$2,200; Illinois, \$1,800.

The London *Journal of Education* says: "The emoluments of English professorships vary greatly; those of a regius professor of divinity may reach \$10,000, while an outlying subject like Arabic may be allotted as little as \$1,500. There are, besides, various perquisites and pickings for an English professor, to which there is no analogy in America. But the professorships at Oxford and Cambridge are merely lectureships, the real work of teaching being in the hands of tutors, whose income is in the shape of fees, and depends on the number of students they can secure.

Scotch professorships are, undoubtedly, the richest in the world; the fees of one medical professor at Edinburgh are set down by common report at \$45,000 a year. In Germany the highest regular salary received by any professor is \$2,625, though extra fees may almost double this amount. The average salary of a German professor is \$1,750.

* * *

OUR two Reformed churches, the Dutch and German, have been negotiating for their union in a single body. Twenty years ago it would have been useless to have talked of such a plan. The divergent tendency was then dominant, the German branch of the Church standing in sharp antagonism to the pronounced Calvinism of the Dutch body, while the Dutch regarded Dr. Nevin and his associates as threatening to carry the sister church to the gates of Rome. Both are now much less extreme. Within the German Reformed and to prevent its dissolution, peace has been established between the Mercersburg school and those who opposed it, and this year Dr. J. H. A. Bomberger was chosen to preside over the General Synod by the votes of men who once hoped for his withdrawal from the church. On the other hand, the Dutch Church has been obliged to lay emphasis on the features of its polity, worship, and doctrine, which differentiate it from the Presbyterians, so as to justify its refusal to unite with them; and this has caused an approximation to the Germans.

The one practical obstacle to a union is the retention of the canons of the Synod of Dort by the Dutch branch of the church. These are surpassed only by Archbishop Whitgift's *Lameth Articles* in the acerbity of their Calvinism; and the German Reformed on both sides of the Atlantic have always refused to subscribe to their definitions of the famous Five Points. The easiest way out of the difficulty would be for the united Church to lay aside European creeds and prepare a new Confession of Faith. There is no body of American Christians that is better furnished for such an undertaking, and the possession of a Confession really adapted to American conditions would be a great help to its growth.

It is notable that the fresh immigration from Holland to the Western States is disposed to cut loose from the older Reformed bodies as too much Americanized. A "Christian Reformed Church" exists in Holland, through a secession of orthodox elements from the national Church. It has established itself also among these new immigrants,—the Reformed equivalent to the Missouri Synod among the Lutherans.

* * *

THE Scotch-Irish held their second convention this year with great appropriateness in Pittsburg,—the only American city of

considerable size to which they have given character from first to last. Dr. MacIntosh of our city, was the chief speaker, and he broke away from the monotony of such addresses by discussing the differences between the Scot of Scotland and the Scot of Ulster. He emphasized very properly the great difference which resulted from the fact that Ulster is a colony, whose people had undergone one wrench of separation from their historic environment, and thus become more capable of adapting themselves to any new set of circumstances. He maintained broadly that the Ulsterman is more versatile, more cosmopolitan, more accessible and less clanish than the Scot, and more fertile in resources of all kinds. He has less metaphysic and more common sense, and is loyal to principles rather than to persons. There were no Jacobites in Ulster.

This is true as far as it goes, but it does not exhaust the subject. It would be easy for a Scotchman to retort that the Ulsterman in both Ireland and America had gained less than he lost by his migration. He might ask "Why it is that Ulster has been so barren in all the higher class of human achievements in which Scotland has been so rich? It has no poets, no artists, no men of science, no philosophers, no theologians even, although it always has felt a lively interest in theology. Is has not even a song as a tune of its own to set beside the lyric and musical wealth of Scotland. Its people seem to have lost that feeling for form or color, which belongs to the Scotch by virtue of their half-Celtic origin. Its only glory is the practical ability which its people have shown in many fields. Adaptability to environment has been purchased at a high price."

Something of this difference may be traced to the inferior facilities for education in Ulster, but even more to the anomalous condition of the Ulster Scot, who had cut himself off from all contact with national life by his migration. In Ireland he became "the man without a country." While governmental arrangements kept the English of Ireland in close relations to their mother country, there was no such tie for the Scotch. An intruding alien in the eyes of the Irish, he was hardly less of an intruder in those of the English "garrison," which resented his stubborn resistance to its efforts to overcome his Presbyterianism. Shut out of office, debarred from sitting in the Irish Parliament, told that his marriage was an unlawful concubinage unless it were blessed by the ministers of a Church he all but detested, and refused protection in the tenant-rights promised him at the time of the Plantation, it is not wonderful that he found the way to America an easy one, and that when once here he threw the whole weight of his arm and his influence against the continuance of the British connection. To-day there are three descendants of the Ulster colony in America for one left at home, and in America they are the same unimaginative, inarticulate, adaptable, and practical people as in Ulster.

REVIEWS.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ARYANS. An Account of the Prehistoric Ethnology and Civilization of Europe. By Isaac Taylor, M. A., LL. D. Illustrated. Pp. xi. and 339. [The Contemporary Science Series. No. III.] New York: Scribner & Welford.

CANON TAYLOR inherits "the family pen." His grandfather, father, aunts, and uncles were all writers of some note and ability. His father's works on the philosophy of religion ("The Natural History of Enthusiasm," "The Physical Theory of Another Life," etc.) constituted quite an epoch in the religious life of England by showing the dominant Evangelical party that there were topics too large to be treated in a tract or a sermon. Canon Taylor has inherited his father's unconventionality, and possesses his leaning to paradox in a still more marked degree. But unlike his father, who was a layman, he always has shown more of a leaning towards philology and its related topics than to the proper science of his profession; and when—as in his recent hasty generalizations as to the comparative merits of Christian and Moslem missions,—he has dipped into theology, it has not been happily. His best achievement has been his "Words and Places," a study of the historic significance of the local names in the British Islands. His most venturesome is his attempt to solve the mystery of Etruscan by giving it a place among the Ural-Altaic languages.

His present work on the Aryans does not profess to be one of much original research. The series in which it appears excludes that. Canon Taylor merely undertakes to tell us the results of the recent scientific investigations into the origin of the greatest group of the world's languages, which coincides in the main with the leading nations of civilization. He follows especially the authority of Otto Schrader, the latest German writer of importance and one of the best.

Until very recently it was assumed that comparative philology was competent to dispose of this question, without the aid of

any other science. The Aryans of Europe were supposed to be the result of successive waves of immigration from an original Aryan fatherland in Central Asia. They had found a Turanian people thinly spread over the continent, and these they either had exterminated or had driven into the undesirable corners, where they still survived as Lapps, Finns, Basques, and the like. It was known that ethnological boundary lines did not always and absolutely coincide with the boundary lines of speech. But it was assumed that identity of speech proved identity of race where there was no evidence to the contrary.

The theory was assailed first in its assumption of Asiatic migration. Latham doubted this as far back as 1851. Benfey revived the doubt in his preface to Frick's notable *Wörterbuch* (1868) after our own Prof. Whitney had pointed out the weakness of some of the evidence on which it rests. Then a series of German philologists not only attacked it, but brought forward linguistic proofs that Europe and not Asia is the original home of the Aryan stock, and that the Indians and Iranians were the emigrants. The theory was next assailed by representatives of the new science of ethnological craniology. A comparison of the skulls found in the ancient barrows and cemeteries led to a new classification of the people of Europe into four races, now designated as Scandinavians, Iberians, Celts, and Ligurians, one of which must have been the people which impressed its Aryan speech upon the others in whole or in part. But in this classification the term Celt takes a new significance. It includes only a part of the Gael or the Cymry, and designates, besides the people of central France and Belgium, the Danes and the Slavs! The Iberians represent a Turanian migration from Northern Africa; the Ligurians another from Northern Europe. So between the Celts and the Scandinavians—a broad skulled and a long skulled race—lies the honor of having Aryanized Europe.

French scholarship naturally claims the honor for the Celts; German for the Scandinavians. Canon Taylor leans to the former. He starts from the Lithuanian as the oldest type of Aryan speech. Comparing it with German he finds just the changes and losses which might be expected from the adoption of a highly developed, grammatical language by a people to whom it was foreign. But a comparison of Teutonic with old Celtic shows that it was with the Lithuanians on their East and not with the Celts on the South and West that the Teutons had the closest linguistic affinity. In some prehistoric era the Teutonic area was overrun by a Lithuanian conquest, and adopted the speech of the conquerors instead of its own,—of which not a recognizable trace is left to us.

It is then this Celto-Slavic race which constituted the undivided Aryans, whose speech can be traced in the words common to the nine surviving Aryan tongues spoken from the Ganges to the Shannon. But the majority probably of the people who speak them are no more of Aryan stock than are the Teutons. An examination of the Europeans of to-day shows that the majority have not the broad skulls, the long teeth, the reddish hair, and the freckled skin of the first Aryan stock. And what is true of Europe is true equally of the Aryan area of Asia, where Armenian, Kurdish, Persian, Pushtu, and Hindi are spoken by races of the Turanian stock, as well as by the Aryan minority who carried their language thither.

As to the antiquity of the European Aryans, Canon Taylor thinks they can be traced back to the last Ice Age, which he thinks began 240,000 years ago and ended about 80,000 years ago. We observe, by the way, that Prof. Prestwich calls these figures in question in his "Geology," and thinks the epoch may have begun 30,000 years ago and ended about 10,000 years ago. Canon Taylor believes there has been no break since that epoch in the continuity of Aryan history in Europe, and although we have no written annals until a very late period, we have the records of the earlier time (1) in linguistic tradition; (2) in the great burial places; (3) in the remains of the lake dwellings and under-ground houses; and (4) in the cave deposits and kitchen-middens of the North of Europe. From these various sources he constructs a picture of Aryan development in civilization, which is not flattering to their descendants, but has a very lively interest.

The last chapter discusses Aryan mythology, and is chiefly an attack on Kuhn and Max Müller, who thought they had found in the Sanskrit Vedas the key to the whole matter. Canon Taylor admits that the work of the new school in this department has been little more than negative and critical thus far, with the exception of Prof. Rhys's Hibbert Lectures on "Celtic Mythology."

The book is fairly well written, but might be clearer in some places than it is. A polemic spirit, which is not scientific, predominates in the opening chapters. The author would have done well to remember that nobody is refuted until the best possible statement of his case has been made and answered.

T.

LEAVES OF A LIFE: Being the Reminiscences of Montague Williams, Q. C. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mr. Montague Williams belongs to an English (doubtless originally Welsh) family that has been steeped in law for generations. He had himself attained a foremost position at the English bar when one of those malignant disorders of the throat, with which eminent cases have in recent years made everybody painfully familiar, struck him dumb, though a surgical operation has preserved his life. Compelled therefore to retire from public practice at the bar to quieter departments of his profession, he has employed his leisure in selecting for publication these reminiscences of his busy years. His book is a swift panorama of the rise and progress of a successful English barrister.

Williams was bred at Eton, his father having determined to give his two sons the best education in his power. Though Montague failed to get a scholarship at King's College, Cambridge, he learned enough Latin and Greek to be able to head his chapters with appropriate classical mottoes. His Eton days were the happiest of his life. Such is his enthusiasm in recalling its work and play, its fun and floggings, that he declares that if he had twenty sons and a sufficiently elastic purse he would send them all to the dear old Eton,—that nursery of statesmen and first-class Englishmen. On leaving this beloved school, Williams, still in his teens but wishing not to be a burden on his father, tried teaching in another, of which he soon tired. Then his father came to his aid by purchasing for him a commission in a militia regiment. Besides learning the school of a soldier, Williams now became proficient in amateur theatricals and had some experience of the vile tricks of money-lenders. By a rare retribution he had opportunity in later years as a lawyer to requite the one who had wronged him. Williams had hoped to go to the Crimea but when his regiment was ordered to the West Indies, he resigned and drifted on the provincial stage where in spite of his uncertain prospects he won a worthy wife. Then taking the sound advice of his father-in-law, a veteran player, Williams set himself seriously to work as a student of law. Yet before he quite parted company with the stage, he wrote some dramas and other pieces. Among these was a farce, founded on the once famous prize-fight of Heenan and Sayers, which ran for two hundred nights in a London theatre.

Such varied training and such character as it reveals marked Williams for practice, if not for eminence, as a criminal lawyer. While a student and after he was admitted to the bar he was a diligent attendant at the police courts. Yet after he had waited three months for a case, when one was placed in his hands by the favor of a friend, stage-fright seized him and he went about begging everybody to relieve him of the responsibility. Nobody would and the poor fellow lost the case. Overwhelmed with mortification he went home to tell his wife that he had mistaken his profession and must try something else. But the difficulty of finding something else to try drove him back to Old Bailey again. The tide soon turned, and from 1862 to 1886 Williams defended more prisoners than any other lawyer and perhaps won more verdicts. In an important case in the early part of his career he was made junior to the noted Serjeant Ballantine, whose visit to the United States is not yet forgotten by his professional brethren. Unexpectedly the burden of that case fell upon Williams, and so well did he exert himself in his speech to the jury that thenceforth for several years he was constantly joined with the Serjeant in difficult cases.

"A mad world, my masters!" would easily be the verdict of one who should take the medley of these reminiscences as a fair specimen of English life of to-day. "From grave to gay, from lively to severe" the scene shifts. What strange capers and fantastic freaks! What foul crimes and horrible perjuries! What nests of villainy and breeding-places of crime in great cities! What boisterous mirth and jovial fellowship! What tender glimpses of devotion and affection! This lawyer in his life has played many parts, and now recalls a strange, eventful history. At last death stared him in the face, but Professor Hahn, one of the few surgeons who have been successful in operations for extirpation of the larynx, was summoned from Berlin. Dr. Lemon and Sir James Paget attended the operation at Fitzroy House. We give the result in Williams's own words: "Everything was most successful, and within a month I was able to crawl about. I was speechless, of course, for a considerable period. It was, indeed, doubtful at first whether I should ever regain my voice at all. One morning, Sir James Paget came to the hospital with the German surgeons,—who were about to take their departure from England,—and said: 'Now, Montague Williams, try and see if you can speak.' And the first words that came from my lips were: 'Gentlemen of the jury.' I recovered my health, though my constitution was considerably shattered by the shock." The book, though in most respects a book for men only, is dedicated "to the best and gentlest of her gentle sex," who nursed the author back to life.

JOHN JAY. By George Pellet. (American Statesmen.) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1890.

If the French King who revoked the Edict of Nantes could have penetrated the future even a century, he might have seen his descendant and successor obliged to yield in a great diplomatic struggle to the grandson of one of the exiles whom France by that act of tyranny drove forth. It was an instance indeed where the whirligig of time brought around its revenges. Augustus Jay, a Huguenot of Rochelle, was among those whom Louis XIV. proscribed, in 1685, and who was glad to escape from France with his life, and John Jay, of New Rochelle, in the State of New York, the grandson of Augustus, appeared at Paris in 1782, to be a chief instrument in forcing from the hands of the minister of Louis XVI. the full concession of the claims of the new nation of the West, whose fundamental principles were political and religious liberty.

The services of John Jay entitle him to a place in the first rank of American statesmen. He was such a man as Washington loved and trusted. When the first President took office he made Jay the first Chief Justice, and when in the trying time of 1794 it was necessary for us that some brave and steady hand should pluck from European complications a stay of the war with England which seemed inevitable, it was Jay who was the one man available for the thankless task. Looking down the historic page other names are more conspicuous than his, yet none did better, and few more important service. He became prominent in public affairs at New York, in the turmoil which led to the Revolution, and in his twenty-ninth year was chosen a delegate to the first Continental Congress, which met at Philadelphia in the autumn of 1774. Of that Congress he was the youngest member but one, (the youngest, Henry Armit Brown says in his centennial address of 1874), yet he was one of the most active and most respected of all who took part in the proceedings. He had had his twenty-eight years of youth before he entered upon this service, and curiously enough he then occupied public places for twenty-eight years continuously, and finally lived in retirement just twenty-eight years more. Born in 1745, he died in 1829, and his eighty-four years were divided into these three periods of equal length. He served in the Continental Congress, he was a member of the Provincial Convention of New York, he served on a half-score of the revolutionary committees, he was Chief Justice of New York in the Revolution, he was President of Congress, he was minister to Spain and special envoy to negotiate the treaty of Peace at Paris; he was Secretary for Foreign Affairs, after the peace; he was the first Chief Justice of the United States, he was the negotiator of "Jay's Treaty," he was six years Governor of the State of New York, and he was, with Hamilton and Madison, one of the authors of "The Federalist." This is a full list, indeed, of the public services of a man who retired to private life before he was sixty, and it is a list full of special honor, because each task was well performed. If there is occasion to fly at John Jay it is not because his record has a blot, but because it is spotless, and the ordinary man now, as in Athens formerly, may grow tired of hearing Aristides called the Just.

Mr. Pellet, the author of this volume, is the nephew of the present John Jay, of New York,—a worthy wearer of an honored name,—and has had access to all family papers. His volume presents a lucid, vigorous, and well-arranged narrative. Naturally, he dwells much on the negotiations at Paris, in 1782, and he has the advantage of important information concerning them which has not before been incorporated into any life of Jay,—the papers from the French archives, published by De Circourt, and many diplomatic and other papers in the "Stevens manuscripts."

THE MINER'S RIGHT. A Tale of the Australian Gold-fields. By Rolf Boldrewood, author of "Robbery under Arms." Pp. 389. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

From Sir Charles Dilke's "Problems of Greater Britain" we learn that "Rolf Boldrewood" is the pseudonym of Thomas Alexander Browne, one of the pioneer squatters of Victoria. He is a man of over sixty, and has long employed his pen in portraying the life of the New South Wales colony, but his best book is "Old Melbourne Memories." The Australians do not exactly relish his "Robbery under Arms," as they say it portrays a state of society which has long disappeared, and thus gives strangers a wrong idea of the condition of the country. Certainly Australia has made very rapid advances, but it cannot be five years since the newspapers gave us an account of the breaking up of a much worse gang than that described in the novel in question.

The present story also deals with the early stages of the gold-mining era, but from a very different point of view. Once or twice we find references to persons or characters described in the first, "Sir Watkin," the black scout, being one. But the story is one of a comparatively orderly society, and Mr. Browne strongly contrasts the respect for law and order which Her Majesty's repre-

sentatives secured in Australia, with the lawlessness of the mining camps of California in the years just preceding. There is some ground for the claim that monarchical institutions stood the sudden strain better; but faithfulness to facts compels even him to depict a situation in which loyalty went to pieces and lynch-law took its place.

The story lacks the unity of its predecessor. The hero is a young Englishman of good family and of no fortune, who has fallen in love with a girl of his own class, and goes to the gold-diggings to seek the fortune which will make their marriage possible. For years luck goes against him and his three partners, one of whom,—the Major,—is the most amusing figure in the book. One venture after another proves fruitless, and although they divide their forces, two working on farms to support the other two at mining, they are brought almost to starvation. At last they strike "pay gravel" and are doing well, when their "claim" is "jumped" and their rights challenged, on the ground that one of the four never has taken out a "Miner's Right" from the Government commissioner. Just as the decision is going against them, the man's wife produces a "right" taken out by herself in his name, in view of his carelessness about such things. The case is contested by two appeals, but with the same result. Next our hero starts for Sydney in the escort of the gold forwarded from the diggings, and narrowly escapes death from a wound received in defense of the precious cargo. Then an old flame of his nurses him back to life, and the fact is used to prejudice against him his future father-in-law. Last of all the woman in question is killed and he is arrested for the murder, but set free when the police have traced the crime to her brutal husband.

This string of misfortunes, varied by the revolt of the miners against the Chinese, constitutes the story. It has not the De-Foeish vivacity and novelty of "Robbery under Arms," but it conveys a vivid and no doubt a true idea of miner's life in the Southern hemisphere. There is less description of nature, and more of people and their ways. Some of the secondary characters, notably the Commissioner Blake, are very good of their kind, reminding us somewhat of Lever. But Mr. Browne makes a mistake in attempting to describe English society, especially of the class known as "country families."

HARVARD GRADUATES, WHOM I HAVE KNOWN. By Andrew Preston Peabody, Preacher to the University, and Plummer Professor of Christian Morals, emeritus. Pp. vi. and 255. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

This book is the complement of its author's "Harvard Reminiscences," which we reviewed on its appearance two years ago. That aimed at giving his recollections of those whose names had stood with his own on the list of officers and teachers of the University. This tells us of a score of graduates with whom he has been intimate, but who held no official relations with their Alma Mater. He begins with Dr. Fisher of Beverley, who endowed the chair of Natural History, afterwards filled by Asa Gray. Then comes Nathan Dane of Ipswich, who drafted the famous Ordinance of 1787, containing the clause revived in the Wilmot Proviso and finally embodied in the XIVth Amendment. He also effected a reform of the Massachusetts laws, to get rid of barbarities copied from the English. We also meet John Pickering, who compiled the first work on Americanisms and our first Greek Lexicon; Dr. Charles Lowell, the poet's father and a very notable preacher and good man; Dr. James Walker, whose "University Sermons" are a monument of his presidency; Jared Sparks, whose ordination at Baltimore and Channing's sermon on the occasion precipitated the great Unitarian controversy; Samuel Atkins Eliot, father of the president, a benevolent man, who voted in Congress for the Fugitive Slave Law; George B. Emerson, known to his own and later generations as the author of an admirable school arithmetic, which he prepared when principal of the (newly founded) Boston Latin School; Dr. Palfrey, the eminent Unitarian preacher, and others. The book closes with an account of the two notable clergymen, Dunster and Chauncey, who were first presidents of the University. It is notable that both were too logical in their Puritanism to acquiesce in infant baptism.

The book is an unpretentious, readable, and instructive volume, which rescues from undeserved oblivion several men of whom we have no other record.

EKKEHARD; A TALE OF THE TENTH CENTURY. By Joseph Victor von Scheffel. Translated from the German. New York: W. S. Gottsberger & Co.

Lovers of German literature have long been familiar with this excellent romance of the tenth century, in which the author, who has history and archaeology at his fingers' ends, has tried to give not only a faithful but a realistic picture of the Middle Ages and of his beloved Suabia. In its English dress the novel, of course, loses much of the distinctive character which has endeared it to

Germans; for it is a peculiarly national romance. The author has gathered very interesting characters out of his treasure-house of knowledge. Duchess Hadwig is a typical woman and true to all time. The death of her aged and little-beloved husband who had married her against her will, has left her at the head of a kingdom which does not quite content her. She longs for something more, hardly knowing what, and so sets out to make a tour of her province and visit a few of her subjects. With her retinue behind her she knocks at the door of St. Gall's monastery, but is refused admittance since it is a rule of the order that no woman's foot shall press their threshold. The Duchess, however, being a wilful woman and their queen, has her way; and in order to keep to the letter of the law, she is carried across the doorway by the handsome young monk Ekkehard. Duchess Hadwig now discovers that she is ambitious to read Virgil. She begs the Abbot to send Ekkehard, one of the best scholars in the monastery, to her castle to instruct her in Latin. Naturally the two fall in love, Ekkehard passionately, the Duchess more prudently. She banishes him and he becomes a hermit and writes the epic "Waltari," which still keeps its place in German literature.

Not a little of the interest of the book attaches to the realistic accounts of the life led by monks, hermits, and recluses in the Middle Ages. The author's clear grasp of historical facts is shown in all the details of a period when, in spite of numerous religious orders and establishments, the old order was still found in Germany, and every pagan superstition still had its followers and all the fallen gods at least a few devotees.

BRIEFER NOTICES.

WHEN the present Earl of Lytton was "Owen Meredith" in literature, he wrote twenty-six years ago, a story called "The Ring of Amasis," in which "incidents of mystery and wonder were employed for the illustration of a psychological problem." In England, says his lordship, the book has long been out of print and completely forgotten, but he learns that in America cheap reprints have kept it in circulation, and he continues to receive from there occasional letters of inquiry as to the origin and purpose of the tale. Out of deference to the fact,—for the United States, he thinks, contains "the largest and least sophisticated reading public" known to him,—he has recast the entire story, and rewritten every page of it, and we now have here (Macmillan & Co.), a brand new edition. Whether it was worth while for his lordship to spend a rarely enjoyed period of leisure in reconstructing the book may be a question on which tastes will differ. There is certainly a demand for incidents of mystery, and psychological problems. But there is nothing very novel in this plot. There are two brothers in Germany, the older one sedate, the other younger and gayer. There is an adopted sister with whom both are in love. But the younger is loved in return, and the older struggles to conceal his pain. Then the two are out in a boat, and it overturns, and the elder who might save his brother by stretching out his hand, withholds it, and sees Felix die. Thus there falls a curse on Conrad, and when at last he is to marry the adopted sister, Juliet, his mind gives way, and he discloses to her that morally he is guilty of the murder of her lover. So she refuses to forgive him, and lives only to make him suffer. The ring is mixed up with the story, and really is a minor element in the plot.

No other publication can supply the place of the "Statesman's Year-Book," (London: Macmillan & Co.), the 1890 edition of which is just recently out, making the twenty-seventh annual issue. The Year-Book is a statistical and historical record relating to all the countries of the world, and its additions, corrections, and changes, year by year, are a vast storehouse of information for every one who has occasion to deal with such matters. The present volume, though reset, and partly in a smaller type, is much expanded, and makes with its index 1,128 pages. The first place is given, of course, to the British Empire, and about 300 pages are devoted to the mother country and her several colonies, protectorates, and dependencies. The description of the latter has been materially amplified, and forms a valuable part of the book. Increased attention has also been given to Africa. The United States is treated of in about 40 pages, and a compact array of statistical and other details is given. We note two or three minor errors, one of which is a mis-spelling of the name of the Secretary of the Treasury,—it appearing as Hindom. Of the President it is mentioned that in 1860 he was elected reporter of the supreme court of *Morana*, and that in 1880 he was Governor of Indiana,—the former being a mis-spelling and the latter an error of fact. The editorship of the Year-Book is now in the hands of Mr. J. Scott Keltie, Librarian to the Royal Geographical Society, a very competent person for the important task.

"Day and Night Stories," by T. R. Sullivan, (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons), show a delicate touch and a distinctive bent,—quite the opposite of the realistic fashion of the hour,—toward the fantastic and weird. Not a little fancy has been displayed in some of them, notably, "The Lost Rembrandt" and "The Tincture of Success." This last is a particularly happy effort. The volume is most attractively printed and bound.

"In Western Levant," by Francis C. Sessions, (Welch, Fracker Co., New York), is an off-hand book of travel, similar in tone to "On the Wing Through Europe" by the same author. Mr. Sessions is President of the Ohio Historical Society, and has a real taste for special researches in travel, the going beneath the surface for facts of race and locality. This kind of earnestness tends to make one overlook the sketchiness and inconsequence of a good deal of his work. The book is well made as regards paper, printing, and illustrations, but it would be all the better for an arrangement of chapters and a table of contents.

"Miss Brooks," a story by Eliza Orne White, (Roberts Brothers, Boston), is a New England tale of friendship ripening into love. The scene is largely laid in Boston but with an important country life episode. It is a decidedly pleasant book, with neat characterization and an agreeable touch of humor.

"Inside Our Gate," by Christine Chaplin Brush, author of the popular "Colonel's Opera Cloak," is hardly as striking a story as that feature of the "No Name" series, but it has cleverness of its own. It is "domestic" in the best way,—the way of Jean Ingelow. The characters are real and lovable; the reader becomes attached to them, and perhaps we could hardly pay a work of fiction a better compliment than to say that. (Roberts Brothers.)

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

THE new edition of "Men of the Times," now in preparation, will be called "Men and Women of the Times," a correction that has long been desirable. Some five hundred new names will be added in the forthcoming edition.

Edward L. Bynner, author of "The Begum's Daughter," etc., is writing another historical novel.

"With Fly, Rod, and Camera," by Edward A. Samuels, to be published immediately by the *Forest and Stream* Company, will, it is promised, be one of the most finely illustrated books of recent months.

Paul Du Chaillu's rewritten and condensed edition of his old work, entitled "Adventures in the Great Forests of Equatorial Africa and the Country of the Dwarfs," will be published soon by Harper & Brothers.

The report that Idlewild, on the Hudson, once the home of N. P. Willis, is to be converted into an asylum for the Insane is unfounded.

A new work on "The Arthurian Legend," by Prof. Rhys, will shortly be issued from the Clarendon Press.

The second, and last, volume of the autobiography of the popular German novelist, Fr. Spielhagen, is expected to be published soon.

A supplement is nearly ready in London to "Charles Dickens by Pen and Pencil," containing many contributions by relatives, friends, and contemporaries of Dickens. There will be eight portraits of the novelist and forty other illustrations.

The "Chronicle History of the London Stage, 1559-1642," by Mr. F. G. Fleay, an edition of which, limited to 460 copies, will be published shortly by Messrs. Reeves & Turner, London, is intended to form a supplement to the works of Malone, Genest, and other writers. It is said to embody much curious and interesting information concerning early theatres and actors.

Swan, Sonnenschein & Co. announce a new edition of "Pepys' Diary," in four volumes, printed in the best manner.

Lord Tennyson has yielded to a request to recite his "Charge of the Light Brigade" and parts of "The Princess" in an Edison phonograph. His son says the tones of the poet's voice as heard through the tubes are reproduced with startling fidelity.

The French government has finally granted Mr. B. F. Stevens of London permission to photograph documents in the national archives relating to American colonial history and the revolution.

A Russian-Chinese Dictionary has just been produced by the joint efforts of the Archimandrite Palladius and M. Papow of the Russian legation at Peking. The Russian government contributed 10,000 roubles towards the production of the work.

A Paris correspondent of the *London Times* (presumably M. Blowitz), with a view to compelling the publication of the Tal-

leyrand memoirs has made public a few extracts from the work. These extracts are given from memory, the correspondent, at the instigation of M. Thiers, having succeeded in reading the original manuscript. He threatens to make public further extracts unless the book appears. The memoirs are in twelve parts, extending from the period of childhood to 1830, when Talleyrand was sent on his diplomatic mission to London.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

THE New York *Courier des Etats-Unis* has just put out a useful book for French immigrants, entitled "Guide Franco-Americain." It has been prepared by M. J. Roussel of the *Courier*, and is calculated to be very helpful.

W. D. Howells has arranged to write a serial for a syndicate of English and Australian newspapers.

The New York *Sun* has contracted with George Meredith for a novel, and with R. L. Stevenson for his "South Sea Letters."

There is no country like France for starting journals; during 1889 no less than 950 new newspapers were brought out, of which not one remains in life; on the other hand the *Petit Journal* now claims a circulation of 1,095,000 copies daily.

William T. Stead now appears this month as the sole proprietor and publisher of the *Review of Reviews*; he has parted with George Newnes, his partner, paying three thousand pounds sterling; Mr. Stead is out of health with overwork.

The *Quarterly Review* has taken a new departure; for the first time it illustrates one of its articles, the one that deals with du Chaillu's book on the Vikings, containing some half-a-dozen pictures.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE monthly weather review of the Pennsylvania State Weather Service shows the mean temperature for April, 1890, in this State to have been 48.70° which is about 3° above the normal. The average rainfall (with melted snow) was 3.46 inches, an excess of about three-quarters of an inch. The distribution of rainfall through the month was peculiar, rain being of almost daily occurrence from the 1st to the 10th, and from the 23d to the 30th. From the 10th to the 23d almost no rain fell.

The May issue (No. 81) of the Johns Hopkins University Circulars contains a summary of the work of the third annual Geological Expedition of the University into Southern Maryland and Virginia. On the two previous expeditions, the bluffs on the west shore of Chesapeake Bay were examined. The present survey began at Fort Washington, Md., the proposed field being the coastal plain in Maryland and Virginia. Earlier writers on the geology of these States, among whom Conrad, Rogers, and Tyson deserve especial mention, have furnished valuable descriptions of the local deposits of the region but have generally failed to appreciate their stratigraphical relationships. Among the localities visited were Piscataway Creek, often referred to in geological literature; Aquia Creek, Va.; Pope's Creek, Md.; Nomin Cliffs, Va.; and the bluffs at Yorktown, where a large collection of fossils was made. The last day of the excursion was spent on the James River, where the sections most prolific in fossils were examined. The expedition was under the direction of Mr. Wm. B. Clark, assisted by Mr. N. H. Darton, of the Potomac Division of the U. S. Geological Survey.

In the same Circular, Maj. G. M. Sternberg, U. S. A., describes an apparatus devised by himself for the use of gas-light in photo-micrography. With this apparatus, the author states, he has made a large number of very satisfactory photographs of bacteria from fuchsine stained preparations, with an amplification of 1,000 diameters. While sunlight is in general the most satisfactory for purposes of photo-micrography, the unreliability of the sun makes an efficient artificial light very desirable. The author thinks the "lime-light," not considering its expensiveness, the most satisfactory substitute for solar light.

The *Journal* of the Franklin Institute (June, 1890) prints in full the address of Mr. Easton Devonshire, an English engineer, upon methods of water purification by means of metallic iron. Since 1879 a system of filtration of water by means of spongy iron, and, later by waste-iron, has been in use in Antwerp, the system used being one devised by Prof. Gustav Bischof, and improved by Mr. Wm. Anderson. It is estimated that for quantities of 5,000,000 gallons per day and over, working expenses would in no case exceed \$2 per 1,000,000 gallons. Mr. Anderson's apparatus is based upon the principles of "the showering down of finely-divided particles of the purifying material through a flowing stream of water," and "the automatic and continuous renewal of the active surfaces of the purifying material by causing them to rub one against another."

Hon. David A. Wells makes an appearance in a new field of science in a short description (*Popular Science Monthly*, June, 1890), of the "Evidences of Glaciation in Southeastern Connecticut." Mr. Wells refers particularly to the regions bordering on Fisher's Island Sound, and illustrates his description by several good reproductions from photographs of boulders, etc. One of these, the "Sheegan" boulder, at Montville, New London county, is remarkable for its huge dimensions, being one of the largest known to geologists. So large is it, that Prof. Crosby of the Boston Society of Natural History, preferred to regard it as an angular remnant of a large granite vein, still undisturbed in its original position. Mr. Wells disagrees with this opinion, and argues from the proximity of large numbers of undoubted boulders of the same composition, that the "Sheegan" stone was put in its present position by glacial action.

In the same number, Dr. Andrew D. White continues his entertaining articles upon the revolutions in human thought which have been caused by the progress of scientific investigation ("New Chapters in the Warfare of Science"). The present number is a review of the influence of the study of Egyptian antiquities upon the mediæval opinion as to the antiquity of man upon the earth. Other noteworthy articles are upon "Glass Making," describing particularly cutting and ornamentation, by C. Hanford Henderson; on "Utility in Architecture," by Mr. Barr Ferree, who makes a plea for a science of building which shall consider chiefly the utility of the structures it proposes to raise, and secondarily its gracefulness of outline.

The Museum of Comparative Zoölogy of Harvard University publishes a pamphlet by Prof. N. S. Shaler, on the "Topography of Florida." The writer refers to the southern portion of the State, and advances a theory regarding the peculiar surface formations of the region, by arguing that at a former period the Gulf Stream flowed across this portion of the peninsula. A subsequent elevation produced the present land outlines. Prof. Alexander Agassiz, in a supplementary note, calls attention to Prof. Shaler's discovery of the further northward extension of the great coral reef on the east coast to Jupiter Inlet and beyond, and regards this as confirmatory of Louis Agassiz's opinion that the Everglade region had an origin similar to that of the mud flats in the vicinity of the Florida Keys.

A paper by Mr. Lester F. Ward, on "The Geographical Distribution of Fossil Plants," has been prepared to form a part of the Report of the U. S. Geological Survey for 1886-7. The paper takes the form of a narrative of the publication of discoveries of plant fossils. The division of the earth first taken up is Europe, and here the great number of small beds that have been discovered and of monographs that have been written about them, precludes much more than a mention of each one. The flora of the arctic regions has been so well treated by Prof. Oswald Heer that Mr. Ward deems it superfluous to include what little collateral matter has been brought out by other authors. Nearly the same statement applies to India, on account of Feistmantel's labors; and to Canada, where Dawson has done thorough work. In treating the United States, Mr. Ward makes the geographical review as complete as the data in his possession permit. Here more analysis of the separate finds is made than in the case of the European countries. This section is accompanied by a map of the United States, on which the chief localities in which fossil plants have been found are indicated by different colored circles. The paper has a full index.

COMMUNICATIONS.

"THE VOYAGE OF THE NEREID."

To the Editor of THE AMERICAN:

I CANNOT forbear writing to thank you for that most kindly and sympathetic review of my book, "The Log of the Nereid," which I have just seen in THE AMERICAN, and which must have been written, if not by a sailor, at least by a sailor-minded man.

Some slack language of mine must, however, I fear, have misled you into the belief that I pretend to the title of "Captain." To that title I have no claim, for I hold, with the stricter sort, that there are only two true kinds of "Captain"—the captain of a mine and the captain of a man-of-war; whereas I am but an Honorary Lieutenant of Naval Reserve.

You will, I am sure, be glad to know that the tyrant Weenie continues to flourish and to tyrannize, with the most undefeatable ruthlessness, over her defenseless elders.

Yours obediently,

THOS. GIBBON BOWLES.

A JAPANESE LAD'S VIEW ON SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

To the Editor of THE AMERICAN:

On a recent trip to the Pacific Coast I became interested in a young Japanese, named Charlie, who was man-of-all-work in the house of a friend whom I visited near San Francisco. My host has since been to Philadelphia and while here received a letter from Charlie soliciting his good offices to get him a place in some electrical works or shop in the East, (which we are now in hopes of accomplishing). His views on the future of electrical science are expressed so strikingly that I have obtained permission to make a copy, thinking they will be of interest to other readers of THE AMERICAN as well as myself.

T. H. M.

DEAR SIR: I have fear to request you something of my aim, but hope you will pour on me the merciful assistance, if my entreaty is within the power of your hand. I, having poor, uncultivated mind, cannot explain all my opinions and especially feel very hard to write them in English. Certainly a great many mistakes of the grammatical forms will be occurred in the following lines. So I beg you will be kind enough to read through my broken sentences and will try to understand what I mean.

At First: what for I, this miserable boy, am abroad far off from my native land? In order to get food, have I crossed the stormy wide ocean, leaving my parents and home? or, holding the intention to get money, am I compelled to wander to and fro in the Western Continent, just like many Chinese are intending? No; these questions are far out of the way to examine my heart. Truly I came here for gaining knowledge, the knowledge which is very important for human being, because it has the most powerful influence on the Earth; and for increasing the habit of patience, because this alone leads life into the higher class, and let man accomplish his desirable purpose. I think, though his mind is maintained by a great knowledge, a man without patience or continuance will fail to succeed his anticipated object.

Therefore, a man's position is determined by only these, knowledge and patience. As I believed that this continent is filled with abundant air of high knowledge and contains much water of habit of patience, I have decided to live on them. And this is only one cause for why I am abroad.

The Second: by what the brilliant civilization is produced and what powerful hand have most moved the world?

If we cast our eyes on the stage of the world down to last century, we will see that the mist was hindering the bright sunshine and the people were in the lot of the inconvenience, having not known how to use the steam-engine and electric-mode.

The steam-engine, invented by Watt, lightning discovered by the valuable mind of Franklin, steamboat formed by the skillful hand of Fulton, and the telegraph produced from the thoughtful mind of Morse, have awakened the past slumbered centuries and brought the social change of immense importance and made the world active and delightful.

Really by these inventions, not only industrious businesses and commercial matters were interested and are rapidly progressing, also the politics were greatly convenient. And now look over the world.

On the land, the railway locomotives are running through forests, villages, and towns; and on the sea, the steamboats are walking water from port to port, and the telegraphs lie over the world like the spider's web and are sending and receiving countless messages here and there.

Indeed the present time is display of flourishing stage and the world of convenience. Yet no one can say that this century is reached the highest point of civilization, or the progression is no more to be made. Nay, the tide of civilization is fulling with the wonderful, irresistible power and it is impossible for human knowledge to judge with assurance how more its quantity is to be increased, or in other word, to what line civilization will reach.

A time may be come that our posterity will criticise the people of nineteen century were not rich on both knowledge and experience and were wandering in darkness just as we, present people, look down on last centuries with contempt.

Then what will lead this world on from useful one to the more useful, and from civilized one to the more civilized? The inventions have given and are giving a great benefit without an equal the world. Therefore only new inventions will put world on the higher position.

Above is my opinion and thought about the state of world. Therefore I have determined to gain knowledge on the mechanics, though I am ignorant and have less gifts of natural talents.

I believe that the life of steam-engine is drawing nearer to its end, and we cannot put much dependence on it, as it needs much quantity of coal and particularly is fully improved. Not in a long years, electricity will occupy the place which steam-engines are now possessing, and hereafter have a great influence over the world. Because it is infant it is not so improved as the applications of the steam-engine, and above all it need less expense, it

is constructed with more convenience and produces more powerful energy than any other mechanical motor. Truly it will not be long after to become the world of electric.

Therefore, I have ambition to become a mackanican of electric. But having found that it is very hard for we, Japanese, to enter any factory or working place, using electrical power, I am greatly disappointed and almost faint, and my heart is always filled with anxiety which when a chance will be bestowed on me to get work in any desirable place,—some factory using electric power.

Though I am very sorry for you to beg you, if you have any acquaintancé with electrician, or more can I say if my request is at your hand, please help me to grasp my longed aim. Certainly as place I do never care; though the place is in the Western, or Southern, or Middle States, if you find a working place for me, I will cheerfully run to that land.

I have heard Philadelphia is rich of the industrious businesses and many several factories are built at there.

If you have some friends there, please ask them for me of my above entreaty.

By your assistance, if I can tread on the first steps of my longing purpose, I will ever remember you as the preserver of my life.

Your humble servant,

C. T. S.

THE FETICHES OF POLITICS.

Henry Charles Lea, in The Forum.

H MAN nature is the same under all institutions. The ambitious and the unprincipled adapt themselves to their environment, and find means for the attainment of their ends. The favorite and his minions under a despotism, become bosses under a republic—men who learn how to lay hold of the secret springs of power, whether these lie in the favor of princes or in the manipulation of caucuses, and who plunder the public to keep it enslaved. What creates the peculiar class of the American boss and gives him his influence, is the careless indifference of one portion of the community, largely due to the fetichism of which I have spoken, and the blind partisanship of another portion. Here we encounter another form of fetichism. Government by parties would seem to be indispensable in the existing stage of political development. Parties are undoubtedly admirable things in their proper character of instruments to an end, but unfortunately party organization has become, in the eyes of a large portion of the community, an end in itself—a fetich which is worshiped irrespective of the objects for which the party was ostensibly organized. When the fetich-worshiper succeeds in establishing his special idol in the national shrine, he expects it in some supernatural way to shower blessings over the land; if he is defeated, he regards the elevation of the rival fetich as the triumph of a demon whose malignity in some occult manner will blight the national prosperity and ruin the national morals. Such being his frame of mind, the men whom he votes into office, and the means whereby success may be secured, become to him matters of comparative indifference. He is thus material suited exactly to the requirements of the boss, for he is no longer a freeman exercising intelligently the priceless right of suffrage, but a slave to party, driven to the polls to vote as his masters may dictate. Those masters are the bosses, who could not exist without him, yet who naturally regard him with the contempt which he deserves. They are under no illusions; they know how worthless is the fetich which he worships, and of which they are the priests, and they despise him for the blind credulity with which he submits to their orders when speaking in its name.

In the eager struggle and excitement of city life, the citizen more readily yields to the temptation of neglecting his political duties, and comforts himself with the assurance that our institutions can take care of themselves. He is only one molecule in so large a mass that his influence and his vote seem of infinitesimal importance. The complexity of municipal machinery is such that to exercise the franchise intelligently, and still more to attend primary meetings and understand their intrigues, would require more time and thought than he could conveniently bestow. If inert, he consequently stays at home; if a partisan, he goes to the polls and votes the regular ticket with the proud consciousness of discharging a public duty. On the other hand, the boss finds in the city a field eminently suited to his peculiar gifts. The prizes are greater, and the dangers of detection less, than in the rural districts. The flock of sheep to be shorn is larger, and more helpless in proportion to its size. The political machine is so intricate that only a professional can comprehend and manipulate it. Thus, in the survival of the fittest, the shrewdest and most audacious bosses are developed in the cities or are attracted to them, and the evils of their rule are greatest; yet none the less the causes of mischief are general and not local, and if a cure

is to be found, it must, as I have said, be constitutional and not topical. Amendments to city charters and modifications of municipal regulations, are often but doubtful expedients, and at best give relief only until the bosses devise means to circumvent them. The foundations of pure government rest on public virtue, and if that is lacking the superstructure must needs totter. . . .

Yet I, for one, do not believe in the decay of public virtue. I believe that the world at large is constantly, though slowly, growing wiser and better, and I see no reason to think that our land is an exception. We are apt to be prophets of evil because we feel acutely the abuses existing around us, while forgetting those of the past; and we are thus led to imagine that public life is becoming more debased and corrupt. This is wholesome if it nerves us to stronger effort to promote righteousness; but it is more apt to lead to apathy and hopelessness, and the average man will struggle with more energy when convinced that he is on the winning side. Confidence in the ultimate triumph of right over wrong is therefore a frame of mind which it is wise to cultivate, and I see no reason for doubting it. . . . Every year sees an increase in the mass of intelligent, independent voters who cast their ballots according to their convictions and not at the dictation of the political machines. When parties are nearly equal, the independent voter holds the balance of power and must be reckoned with. He strikes down a candidate of conspicuous unfitness, and the lesson is not forgotten; he demands a measure which will aid him in future struggles, and his demand is complied with after more or less resistance. Every step he advances gives him a vantage ground for the next conquest. The future of the Republic is with the independent voter.

To descend from generalities to particulars, there are at present four measures for which the independent voter should strive with unremitting ardor, each of which is fitted to diminish some of our existing evils. These are civil service reform, the Australian ballot, the restriction of the liquor traffic, and the regulation of immigration, with modification of our naturalization laws. The beneficial effects of these measures would be felt everywhere, but chiefly in the cities, where they would do much to facilitate the introduction of purer and more efficient administration. But these, like all other laws, are merely instruments. They are not automatic; to be efficient they must be used, and used properly, and such use can be made only by unceasingly vigilant public opinion, manifesting itself in constant action.

Of these measures, civil service reform is the most urgent and the most efficient for good. To deprive the bosses of the control of "patronage," and of their consequent ability to maintain their henchmen and heelers at the public expense, is the readiest method of destroying the political machines and of restoring politics to its true function of wisely administering the affairs of the people, instead of being, as at present, for the most part, a selfish struggle for office. Yet the virus of the spoils system has so thoroughly infected our national life that it will yield only to heroic treatment. The reformer must resolutely determine to regard the question as the controlling one, and must strike unflinchingly at all candidates, whether Democratic or Republican, who cannot be trusted to enforce existing laws and to be guided by their spirit in dealing with the unclassified service. . . .

Yet all these, and all other devices, will be neutralized unless a check be put on the tendency, now so visible, to experiment with state socialism. This is in the air, and schemers and dreamers of every degree of irrationality are busy with their nostrums for the cure of all political and economic evils. Government ownership of telegraphs and railroads, government loans on farm lands, and government advances on farm produce are proposed on the one hand, and, on the other, municipalities are expected, or are urged, to supply light and heat and water and locomotion and other public wants. Jeffersonian Democracy was right in seeking to restrict and simplify as much as possible the functions of government. More or less corruption there always has been in the management of public affairs, and always must be so long as human nature remains unregenerate. Government itself is an evil—a necessary evil incident to human imperfection—and the less of it we can get along with the better, for thus only can we reduce its accompanying abuses to a minimum. Every added function introduces additional corruption and renders detection and purification more difficult. The paradise of the boss would be a community organized on the Bellamy pattern.

STANLEY'S DESCRIPTION OF THE PYGMIES.

Lecture before the Royal Geographical Society.

WE must be satisfied for the present with concluding that the pygmies and the negroes are the primitive races of Africa; that Ethiopia in prehistoric times was invaded by various migrants from the great Aryan race; that as they multiplied they scattered southward and mixed with the negro tribes and produced that

composite race represented by the Zulus, Caffres, Bechuanas, Matabeles, Mafitté, Watuta, and Wanyamwezi. A later movement conveyed tribes having peculiar customs, who, finding the intralake region best adapted for their cattle, clung to the land and its rich pasture, indifferent to the fate of the tribes or nations employed in tilling the ground, and their clannish descendants are the indo-African Wahuma.

Near a place called Avetico, on the Ituri river, our hungry men found the first male and female of the pygmies squatted in the midst of a wild Eden peeling plantains. You can imagine what a shock it was to the poor little creatures at finding themselves suddenly surrounded by gigantic Soudanese, six feet four inches in height, nearly double their own height and weight, and black as coal. But my Zanzibaris, always more tender-hearted than Soudanese, prevented the clubbed rifle and cutlasses from extinguishing their lives there and then, and brought them to me as prizes in the same spirit as they would have brought a big hawk moth or mammoth longicorn for inspection. As they stood tremblingly before me, I named the little man Adam and the miniature woman Eve, far more appropriate names in the wild Eden on the Ituri than the Vukukuru and Akiokwa which they gave us. As I looked at them and thought how these represented the oldest people on the globe, my admiration would have gone to greater lengths than scoffing cynics would have expected. Poor Greekish heroes and Jewish patriarchs, how their glory paled before the ancient ancestry of these manikins! Had Adam known how to assume a tragic pose how fitly he might have said: "Yea, you may well look on us, for we are the only people living on the face of the earth who from primeval time have never been removed from their homes. Before Yusuf and Mesu were ever heard of we lived in these wild shades, from the Nile Fountains to the Sea of Darkness, and, like the giants of the forest, we despise time and fate."

But, poor little things, they said nothing of the kind. They did not know they were heirs of such proud and unequalled heritage. On the contrary, their faces said clearly enough, as they furtively looked at one and the other of us: "Where have these big people come from? Will they eat us?" There were some nervous twitches about the angles of the nose and quick upliftings of the eyelids, and swift, searching looks to note what fate was in store for them. It is not a comfortable feeling which possesses a victim in the presence of a possible butcher, and a possible consumer of its flesh. That misery was evident in the little Adam and Eve of the African Eden. The height of the man was four feet, that of the woman a little less. He may have weighed about 85 pounds; the color of the body was that of a half-baked brick, and a light brown fell stood out very clearly. So far as natural intelligence was concerned, within his limited experience, he was certainly superior to any black man in our camp. The mysteries of woodcraft, for instance, he knew better than any of us; he knew what wild fruits were wholesome, and what fungi were poisonous. He could have given us valuable lessons how to find our way through the forest. I saw also that he could adapt himself to circumstances. If the pot was to end him, a very little shrinking only would betray his fear of pain; if he were to be treated affectionately, none could be so ready to appreciate affection and kindness.

We began to question him by gestures. "Do you know where we can get bananas?" He catches the cue, he grasps his leg to show us the size, and nods his head rapidly, informing us that he knows where to find bananas of the size of his leg. One sees that he can exaggerate as well as Mark Twain. [Laughter.] We point to the four quarters of the compass, questioningly. He points to the sunrise in reply. "Is it far?" He shows a hand's length. Ah, a good day's journey without loads, two days with loads! "Do you know the Ihuru?" He nods his head rapidly. "How far is it?" He rests his right hand sideways on the elbow joint. "Oh, four days' journey." "Is there much food on the road?" He pats his abdomen lovingly with an artful smile, and brings his two hands to a point in front of him, from which we may infer that our paunches will become like prostrate pyramids. We ask him why Aveliko has so little food? The little man attempts to imitate the sound of gunshots and cries "Do-o-o-o," and we are informed quite intelligently that the devastation is due to the Manyema.

I suppose we must have passed through as many as 100 villages inhabited by the pygmies. Long, however, before we reached them they were deserted and utterly cleaned out. Our foragers and scouts may have captured about 50 of these dwarfs, only one of whom reached the height of 54 inches. They varied from 39 inches to 50 inches generally. They are so well proportioned that at first sight they might be taken for ordinary mankind, but when we place by their side a European, a Soudanese, or a Madi, they appear exceedingly diminutive. By the side of dwarfs of mature age a Zanzibari boy of 13 would appear large.

The agricultural settlements in this region are to be found every nine or ten miles apart, and near each settlement, at an hour's march distance, will be found from four to eight pigmy villages situated along the paths leading to it. The larger aborigines are very industrious, and form a clearing of from 400 to 1,000 acres. Amid the prostrate forest they plant their banana and plantain bulbs. In 12 months the prostrate trees are almost hidden by the luxuriant fronds and abundant fruit, of unrivalled quality, size, and flavor. It would be easy to prove that in the forest an acre of banana plants produces 25 times more food than an acre in wheat produces in England. The pygmies appear to be aware that a banana plantation is inexhaustible, and to think that they have as much right to the produce as the aboriginal owners. Therefore they cling to these plantations and make the larger natives pay dearly for the honor of their acquaintance. In another manner they perform valuable service to them by warning them of the advance of strangers and assisting them to defend their settlements; they also trap game and birds and supply the larger natives with peltry, feathers, and meat. It appeared to me that the pygmies were regarded somewhat as parasites, whose departure would be more welcome than their vicinity. When honey and game, meat, peltry, and feathers get low or scarce in the neighborhood, the pygmies pack their household goods on their women's backs and depart elsewhere to attach themselves to some other plantations. A forest village consists of from 20 to 100 families of pygmies, and probably in that area between the Ihuru and Ituri rivers there are as many as 2,000 families living this nomadic and free life in the perpetual twilight of the great and umbrageous forest of Equatorial Africa.

CURRENT EXCERPTS.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON HOUSES.

Russell S. Urgis, in Scribner's Magazine.

NEW YORK is held back by a half-and-half adoption of the modern idea. Boston is wiser or more fortunate in this, that the modern idea is more faithfully followed up. In Boston the man of some means who wishes to have a house, employs an architect whom he considers the most intelligent or the most agreeable, and builds his house; in New York, the man, even of wealth, goes with his wife to look at ready-made houses, and accepts, buys, and pays for the one which is least objectionable. In other words, the Boston man has his clothes carefully made for him by a tailor, whom he thinks skilful; the New York man buys his clothes ready-made. Oddly enough, this comparison, if taken literally, is the reverse of true; for the New York man is notoriously the most carefully dressed man on the continent, and has, as Mark Twain says, "a godless grace and snap and style" about himself and his dress which the people of other communities find it impossible to reproduce; but in building—except in the obviously exceptional case of palaces—elegance, comfort, and a careful adaptation of means to an end, are less studied in New York than in any other community which can in any respect be compared with it.

MINERAL OIL ON THE CASPIAN SEA.

The Vicomte de Vogué, in Harper's Magazine.

THE bed of the Caspian Sea rests upon a second subterranean sea, which spreads its floods of naphtha under the whole basin. On the eastern shore the building of the Samarcaud railway led to the discovery of immense beds of mineral oil. On the western shore, from the most remote ages, the magi used to adore the fire springing from the earth at the very spot where its last worshippers prostrate themselves at the present day. But, after having long adored it, impious men began to make profit by it commercially. In the thirteenth century the famous traveler Marco Polo mentions "on the northern side a great spring whence flows a liquid like oil. It is no good for eating, but it is useful for burning and for all other purposes; and so the neighboring nations come to get their provision of it, and fill many vessels without the ever-flowing spring appearing to be diminished in any manner." The real practical working of these oil springs dates back only a dozen years. At the present day it yields 2,000,000 kilogrammes of kerosene per annum, and disputes the markets of Europe against the products of Kentucky and Pennsylvania. The yield might be increased tenfold, for the existing wells give on an average 40,000 kilogrammes a day, and in order to find new ones it suffices to bore the ground, so saturated is the whole soil with petroleum. Charles Marvin compares the Apscheron peninsula to a sponge plunged in mineral oil. The soil is continually vomiting forth the liquid lava that torments it entrails, either in the form of mud volcanoes or of natural springs. These springs overflow in streams so abundant that it is hopeless to store their contents for want of reservoirs; often they catch fire and burn for weeks; the air, impregnated with naphtha vapors, is then aglow all around Bakou.

DRIFT.

THE *Tribune* of Minneapolis speaks very pointedly and plainly on a subject which we referred to (in answer to a communication), last week,—to-wit, the situation of Western farmers. What the *Tribune* says is this:

"The Western farmers have begun business on borrowed capital. It is not reasonable to suppose that they can all buy out their capitalist partners with the profits of the first crop or two. As matters stand, the Western farmers have made more money in less time than any other class of men in the world ever made."

The *Hartford Courant* says: Mr. Roger Q. Mills of Texas, who knows as little of New England factories as the average New Englander knows of the interior of Greenland, has a paper in the *Forum* on New England manufactures and the tariff. It is somewhat interesting, however, and that in a way not contemplated, may be, by the author. He speaks of Scotch and American iron manufacture, and alludes to the "cheaper labor" in this country. That is a point worth analyzing. The labor, it appears, is cheaper here because the manufacturer can buy more work for a dollar than he can in Scotland. This demonstration settles it for the theorist. And it is of interest and value, because it offers a chance to make one of those distinctions between the man and his product to which political economy closes his eyes. If labor were cheaper here than in Scotland would not the labor go to Scotland to better itself? But does it? Not at all. The drift is this way, for the reason that, whether labor is cheaper here or not, the laborer gets more here than he could get there. It is the man that is of consequence. If he can earn more here in a day than he can in Scotland he is not very likely to take his labor to that market, where it is nominally higher, but where he can't get so much for it.

The inference from Mr. Mills's statement would be that laborers in similar work got less here than in Scotland. The exact contrary is the fact. Political economy may busy itself with the product, but mankind will always look at the situation from the standpoint of man himself.

At the beginning of the week the advertising columns of the daily papers contained brief notices of the death, on the 23d inst., of Miss Elizabeth Balch, daughter of the late Rev. Dr. L. R. W. Balch. The lady in question was, we believe, a grand niece of the Hon. John Jay, and had made a name for herself as a writer, though of her very few publications two appeared anonymously. The first of these was a book of a satirical character, called "Mustard Leaves," which came out several years ago. The other, which made its appearance only last year, was "An Author's Love," a very clever work of imagination presenting the supposed replies of the "Unknown" to Prosper Merimée's "Lettres à une Inconnue." The book made a distinct impression. A readable series of illustrated articles on English country houses drew some attention to Miss Balch in England a year or two ago, where it appeared in the pages of the *English Illustrated*. She died at the Everett House, where she was staying with her brother. She had returned from abroad only about a week or ten days before, and her death was indirectly due to an attack of the recently prevalent grip.—*The Critic*, (N. Y.) May 31.

The London correspondent of the *New York Times* says: "Archdeacon Farrar has contributed to the Manchester *Guardian* two interesting articles on the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau, in which he describes, in sympathetic and picturesque language, the impression made upon his mind by what he calls the dress rehearsal of the sacred play. He staid at the humble home of Josef Mayer, who represents the part of Christ, and after repelling the assertions made against Mayer as being an avaricious hypocrite, charged with ambitious self-seeking and the abuse of sacred feelings for personal ends, he states that he believes him to be 'an entirely devout, sincere, humble-minded man who does not love that fame of the world which is always half disfigure,' and then draws a picture of the simple artisan as a man and a portrayer of Christ in words of exceeding sweetness and strength."

"The Archdeacon believes with Mayer and his comrades that the world has outgrown the needs of the miracle play, and that the vulgar curiosity of the tourist in his thousands tends to rob it of all reverence. Some months ago the ancient cross on the summit of Cöbel was destroyed by a great storm, and the tradition runs that when it should fall the peasants of the little Tyroleon valley should cease to represent the miracle play, and they are said to accept the omen."

Prince Bismarck declares that there is not a single cloud, not one black spot, on the European horizon. In the perspective there is nothing but peace. That is reassuring, but does not quite reassure the Germans themselves. Accounts from Berlin describe the people of that city as living in a silent terror. Not a man dares to say or write what he thinks, still less print it. But there is a feeling that the peace of Germany and of Europe hangs on a thread, and that that thread is the caprice or impulse of the youthful ruler, who believes himself not only divinely seated on the throne, but divinely inspired.—*London Dispatch*, N. Y. *Tribune*.

President Carnot's latest tour has ended. His reception everywhere was marked by the same enthusiasm as before. He ventured on one remark at Besançon which the Germans might have resented had they been disposed to be captious. "I am aware of the essentially French sentiments of Alsace and Lorraine," said the President of the French Republic. But Alsace and Lorraine are German provinces. His visit to Belfort was an impressive scene. There he spoke with perfect discretion: "What could he say of Belfort that is not engraved on the heart of every Frenchman?" No German could object to that.—*London Dispatch*, N. Y. *Tribune*.

A dispatch from London states that Henry M. Stanley will go to America in the autumn, and adds that he proposes to lecture in most of the principal cities of the United States.

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SURPLUS OVER ALL LIABILITIES, 869,415.96
Total assets, Jan. 1, 1889, \$2,500,916.21.

THOMAS H. MONTGOMERY, President,

CHAS. P. PEROT, Vice-President.

RICHARD MARIS, Secretary.

JAMES B. YOUNG, Actuary.

DIRECTORS:

T. H. MONTGOMERY, ALEXANDER BIDDLE,
JOHN T. LEWIS, CHAS. P. PEROT,
ISRAEL MORRIS, JOS. E. GILLINGHAM,
P. S. HUTCHINSON, SAMUEL WELSH, JR.,
CHARLES S. WHELEN.

SECURITY FROM LOSS BY BURGLARY, ROBBERY, FIRE, OR ACCIDENT.

THE FIDELITY

Insurance, Trust and Safe Deposit
Company of Philadelphia,

IN ITS

MARBLE FIRE-PROOF BUILDING,
325-331 CHESTNUT STREET.

Charter Perpetual.

CAPITAL, \$2,000,000. SURPLUS, \$2,000,000.

SECURITIES AND VALUABLES of every description, including BONDS and STOCKS, PLATE, JEWELRY, DEEDS, etc., taken for SAFE KEEPING ON SPECIAL GUARANTEE at the lowest rates. VAULT DOORS GUARDED BY THE YALE AND HALL TIME LOCKS.

The Company also RENTS SAFES INSIDE ITS BURGLAR-PROOF VAULTS, at prices varying from \$5 to \$200, according to size. Rooms and desks adjoining vaults provided for safe-renters. DEPOSITS OF MONEY RECEIVED ON INTEREST.

INCOME COLLECTED and remitted for a moderate charge.

The Company acts as EXECUTOR, ADMINISTRATOR and GUARDIAN, and RECEIVES AND EXECUTES TRUSTS of every description from the COURTS, CORPORATIONS and INDIVIDUALS, and ACTS AS AGENT FOR THE REGISTRATION AND TRANSFER OF LOANS AND STOCKS OF CORPORATIONS, and in the Payment of Coupons or Registered Interest or Dividends. It furnishes LETTERS OF CREDIT Available for Traveling Purposes in all parts of Europe.

ALL TRUST FUNDS AND INVESTMENTS are kept separate and apart from the assets of the Company. As additional security, the Company has a special trust capital of \$1,000,000, primarily responsible for its trust obligations.

WILLS RECEIPTED FOR and safely kept without charge. Building and vaults lighted by Edison Electric Light.

STEPHEN A. CALDWELL, President.

JOHN B. GEST, Vice-President, and in charge of the Trust Department.

ROBERT PATTERSON, Treasurer and Secretary.

CHAS. ATHERTON, Assistant Treasurer.

R. L. WRIGHT, Jr., Assistant Secretary.

G. S. CLARK, Safe Superintendent.

DIRECTORS:

Stephen A. Caldwell, John B. Gest,
Edward W. Clark, Edward T. Steel,
George F. Tyler, Thomas Drake,
Henry C. Gibson, Thomas McKean,
William H. Merrick, C. A. Griscom,
John C. Bullitt.

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Veni! Thirty-four years continuous experience has taught us that True, Honest Fabric made-up artistically and faultlessly, and sold at fair prices, is the *only* way to fame and fortune in the tailoring business.

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E. O. THOMPSON,
—MERCHANT TAILOR,—
908 Walnut Street.

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WILLIAM CRAMP & SONS
SHIP AND ENGINE BUILDING CO.

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Beach and Palmer Streets, Phila.

SHIPYARD AND MACHINE SHOPS,
Beach and Norris Streets, Phila.

NEW YORK OFFICE, 44 BROADWAY.

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Machine Tools.*

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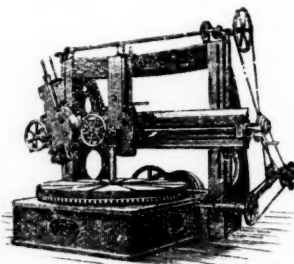
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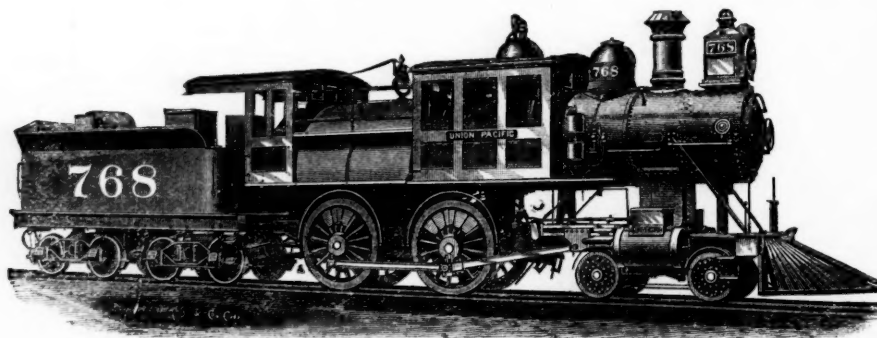
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